

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 976.—14 February, 1863.

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☞ WE are glad to spread before our readers, in a few pages, the record of the opinions and feelings of the people in England who really *suffer* for want of the cotton which our Rebels keep back. These working men are worthy disciples of the English and French philosophers who have understood this war; they redeem the character of the British Nation,—and are its truest representatives.

The article on Mexico is important.

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## THE LESSON OF THE YEAR.

"Go hence, ill Year, with robes that reek of war,  
Hands that struck down the labor of our  
North;

My curse go after thee beyond the door  
That darkens at thy ghastly going forth.

"Away, foul beldame! give the Young Year  
room,

What he is like none who await him know;  
At worst his looks will mend thy face of doom,  
Worse year than thou, the world can never  
know."

The Old Year on the threshold paused and  
turned,

Red stains were thick upon the shroud she wore,  
An awful light in the sunk eyeballs glared  
That looked upon me from the darkened door.

And thin and hollow-sounding, as from far,  
A voice came to me, sad at once and stern;

"Who art thou, that arraign'st at thy blind bar,  
The Power who guides the million orbs that  
burn

"About this sphere, where thy poor life is past,  
Ephemeral, in ephemeral grief or glee,  
That ban and blessing, like a child, darest cast,  
On years that owe not an account to thee?

"God's chastisements and bounties is it thine  
To measure with *thy* staff; weigh with *thy*  
brains?

I work *His* bidding: *His* the will not mine;  
Know I how ill dies out, and good remains?

"But ev'n with reverent judgment meet for man,  
Marking the doings of the twelve months  
gone,

The root of blessing in my bitterest ban  
Methinks e'en thy poor wisdom might have  
known.

"From civil war's high-heaped and festering  
grave,

By means unguessed of those who fight or  
rule,

Grows, slow but sure, the freedom of the slave,  
While human foresight gapes, a baffled fool.

"In War's rude gripe, what lies, which stoutest  
thrust

Of Peace, and all her train, could never shake,  
Are shattered into rottenness and dust—

What powers of unguessed nobleness awake!

"What lessons are made clear by War's red  
light

To those who fight and those who watch the  
strife!

Out of the soil swept bare by battle's blight  
What seeds of new strength sudden leap to  
life!

"For cotton-dearth, with pain and misery rife,  
The blessing hidden in it all must own,

Who see how suffering calls love to life,  
How of endurance comes a strength unknown,

"Then curse me not, but bless me; there is  
balm

For every bruise that God inflicts on earth;

His ways are in the storm, as in the calm,  
In war and misery, as in peace and mirth."  
—*Punch*, 10 Jan.

## THE PROCLAMATION.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

SAINT PATRICK, slave to Milcho of the herds  
Of Ballymena, sleeping, heard these words:

"Arise, and flee  
Out from the land of bondage, and be free!"

Glad as a soul in pain, who hears from Heaven  
The angels singing of his sins forgiven,

And, wondering, sees  
His prison opening to their golden keys,  
He rose a man who laid him down a slave  
Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave,  
And outward trod  
Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame away;  
And passing where the sleeping Milcho lay,  
Though back and limb  
Smarted with wrong, he prayed, "God pardon  
him!"

So went he forth: but in God's time he came  
To light on Uilline's hills a holy flame;

And, dying, gave  
The land a saint that lost him as a slave.

O dark, sad millions, patiently and dumb  
Waiting for God, your hour, at last, has come,

And freedom's song  
Breaks the long silence of your night of wrong!

Arise and flee! shake off the vile restraint  
Of ages! but, like Ballymena's saint,

The oppressor spare,  
Heap only on his head the coals of prayer.

Go forth, like him! like him return again,  
To bless the land whereon in bitter pain

Ye toiled at first,  
And heal with freedom what your slavery cursed.  
—*Atlantic Monthly*.

## TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

JANUARY 1, 1863.

LINCOLN, that with thy steadfast truth the sand  
Of men and time and circumstance dost sway!  
The slave-cloud dwindles on this golden day,  
And over all the pestilent southern land,  
Breathless, the dark expectant millions stand,  
To watch the northern sun rise on its way,  
Cleaving the stormy distance—every ray  
Sword-bright, sword-sharp, in God's invisible  
hand.

Better, with this great end, partial defeat,  
And jibings of the ignorant worldly-wise,  
Than laud and triumph won with shameful  
blows.

The dead Past lies in its dead winding-sheet;  
The living Present droops with tearful eyes;  
But far beyond the awaiting Future glows.

EDMUND OLLIER.  
—(*London*) *Morning Star*.

From The Spectator, 3 Jan.  
DR. LEMPRIERE'S MEXICO.\*

No two works can be at once more like and more unlike each other than Dr. Lempriere's "American Crisis," and his newly published "Mexico." As a specimen of book-making, in which a small portion of original matter swells by extraneous addition to a crinoline-like amplitude, the more recent work is the true brother of the former one, except that its 480 pages have far outstripped the 296 of that. As patterns of what may be called the harum-scarum style of composition, in which everything turns up anyhow,—for instance, a "Summary of Events," narrating the installation of constitutional government, followed without the slightest transition by the items of a posting account,—there is nothing to choose between them. The "Mexico" is, perhaps, if anything, even a trifle more ungrammatical, the very title—*Notes in Mexico in 1861 and 1862, Politically and Socially Considered*, being unrenderable into sense, since the practical character of the work makes it absolutely impossible that Dr. Lempriere should have (as the grammar of the sentence would require) "considered" his own "notes," still less "politically and socially." The new work is moreover distinguished by a sprinkling of Spanish,—of which it is rare to find a single word well spelled,—and by translations from the Spanish, executed (no doubt for want of the writer's superintendence), with such intelligence of familiar English terms that our old friend the "pillar dollar" and his subdivisions are found masquerading as "Colonnade Coin!"

This much being premised, it must now be said that the spirit of the two works is so different, that one would feel happy to accept the latter as the *amende honorable* for the former, were it not that Dr. Lempriere is known to be still advocating in London the cause of his Confederate friends. In Mexico, however, instead of suffering himself to be crammed by some designing Southerner, so as to present nothing but a selection of garbled facts under their falsest aspects, he seems to have opened his eyes and ears, and taken in such an amount of honest fact as a disinterested Englishman was likely to receive without having to exer-

cise any deep penetration. His sources of information are thus in his new work entirely changed, as appear to be his prepossessions; he quotes at length from the *New York Tribune*, speaks of his "good friend Plumb, the *attaché* of the American Legation," deprecates the absorption of Mexico by the Southern States of America, warns England and France that "if they do not in a very few months so ordain matters as to secure the independence of Mexico, the whole will as certainly be in the hands of the Southern States, and become a gigantic Slave State, as any political proposition that was ever broached" (a sentence which the reader must construe charitably, and not interpret as really meaning that all political propositions are to pass into the hands of the Southern States, or become Slave States themselves); and looks forward, on the other hand, with at least equanimity to the solution of the Mexican puzzle being found in the suggestion of Mr. Seward, "that the United States, after obtaining proper securities and territorial liens from Mexico, shall assume the foreign debt of the republic." So that, on the whole—to those who are sufficiently fond of truth to jolt after it on the roughest corduroy roads ever laid down by literary backwoodsman—to swallow it down, when found, "holusbolus," in shape of crudest jottings and cuttings—yea, and to search for veriest needles of it amid hay-trusses of statistics and topography,—Dr. Lempriere's book can really be recommended, as embodying a good deal of wholesome unpleasant truth on an important contemporary question. He will be able to point out to them, that the government of Juarez,—to which we were the first to deal a blow,—“is relatively the most stable and the most popular of all those that have followed each other in Mexico for the last forty years.” They may learn from him, if they have not already found out for themselves, that of the murders and outrages on our countrymen which we supposed ourselves bound to avenge upon that government, not one has been perpetrated by it, but all by its opponents, the allies and *protégés* of France and Spain; that by these was committed the scandalous outrage upon the British Legation (16th Nov., 1860), when its official seal was broken by order of the infamous Marquez, and \$660,000, the property of English bondholders, taken away. Above all, they

\* *Notes in Mexico in 1861 and 1862, Politically and Socially Considered.* By Charles Lempriere, D.C.L. Longmans.

may find reason to doubt the immaculateness of our conduct towards Mexico, and the creditableness of those claims of the British merchant, of which so much has been made against the unfortunate Mexicans. On this point, Dr. Lempriere's explicitness is invaluable :—

*"I saw myself the boats' crews of our flag-ship at Vera Cruz bring bags on bags of dollars to be shipped to England by the steamer which brought me home, not one dollar of which had paid a farthing to the Mexican Exchequer. . . . But the real delinquents are our British consulates; they receive and store the specie which comes down from the coast, until a safe opportunity arrives for smuggling it out of the country. All commercial consulships, especially at ports, should be abolished. They are sought and coveted solely as a protection to smuggling. . . . One commercial house on the west coast has acquired immense wealth and immense notoriety by this kind of adventure. . . . The chief was a Spaniard, a colonel in the Spanish army, but got himself named British consul; and then all the family became English. . . . The British consulate is convenient on account of the immunity and local influence it affords; and has been, for upwards of thirty years, a most useful appanage to the mercantile concern, to which it is entirely subservient. . . . The British Government listens to no representation on the subject, and our envoys there have been influenced to connive at and support the infamous system."*

Again :—

*"The system of smuggling carried on by foreigners on the Pacific coast, and enforced by British men-of-war, deprives the government of nearly all revenue in that quarter, while in the Gulf ports commerce is crippled, and the revenue of the government is, at certain periods, cut down to a low figure by the irregular proceedings and hard exactions of foreign ministers, consuls, and traders. A thorough exposure of the universal system of plunder to which Mexico is subjected in her business relations by foreign officials and traders, and a few capitalists, foreign and native, who mostly reside in the capital, would prove that the government of that country is defrauded out of more than three-fourths of its lawful revenue."*

Again :—

*"Some years ago there was a public prosecution by the British Legation of a member of Congress (Zarco), and a custom-house officer, because they denounced the infamous smuggling transactions and other disreputa-*

*ble proceedings of one of our consuls in the Pacific; and pecuniary indemnity was executed and enforced for crimes which in any other country would have been marked by the severest reprobation, and visited with punishment. (Lord Clarendon knows something about this). It was a private letter to him which alone prevented the eternal disgrace of a British force appearing in the Gulf to enforce and support this infamous proceeding; but indemnity was, nevertheless, obtained in hard cash. These cases could be multiplied."*

Again :—

*"The standard of the British character there has been lowered—immeasurably lowered—in the estimation of the Mexican people, by the conduct of our official representatives. Some of them have been needy and embarrassed, and especially open to corrupt influences. The diplomatic protection was a traffic, and chiefly bestowed on persons who had no legal or legitimate right to it, far less their speculations and interests."*

No one can wonder after this at being told (in however indifferent English) that "the working and growth of some of these Mexican claims, which are now advanced under the British flag, is (*sic*) most mysterious and inexplicable, and quite as much (*sic*) disgraceful and disreputable to us as a nation."

And, in short, one may well (making the usual reserves in favor of grammar) agree with Dr. Lempriere that "the policy that England has pursued towards Mexico is inexplicable except in (*sic*) the fact that a few individuals, official and private, control the action of the British Government, and public opinion in England, on Mexican affairs, to the total destruction of the general and legitimate English interests in that country." Could "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor," be accepted as a line of policy, no more striking instance of such policy has ever been afforded than by Earl Russell, when, after pointing out in express terms the profitless dangers of interference in the internal affairs of Mexico, he signed, on the 31st October, 1861, that "Convention relative to combined operations against Mexico," which could have no other result than such interference. In vain had Mr. Mathew, with his long experience of Mexico and its people, pointed out that the only advisable shape of intervention would be a *protective* one in



favor of the existing Constitutional Government, either by England or the United States, or both, so as to secure to it the peaceable command of the sea-board; in other words, the control of its main available sources of revenue, for the discharge of public obligations and the maintenance of public order. Carried away, apparently, by the hot-headed vanity of Sir Charles Wyke, the Foreign Secretary actually put his hand to a treaty in conjunction with the two powers which had persistently favored the bigoted Church party, with its bands of cutthroats. And, although Spain has recoiled from the work, at least for the time being, although the French Emperor has been compelled successively to abandon the idea of erecting Mexico into a monarchy, and that of handing it over to the government of Almonte, still he is intent upon the work of destroying the Constitutional Government, still he accepts with brazen brow, as his allies, the scoundrel Marquez and his compeers. Meanwhile, the country is given up, as far as the forcible destruction of all authority by foreign hands can do so, to violence and robbery.

But is there even a chance that the French army—apart from all question of the justifiableness of the invasion—can restore order in that distracted country? Cast a glance at the map prefixed to Dr. Lempriere's book. Here is a country covering, we are told, upwards of 2,000 miles in extreme length, upon an extreme breadth of upwards of 1,100, with a coast-line of over 1,600 miles in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, and over 4,200 on the Pacific Ocean and in the Gulf of California, with a northern frontier 1,792 miles long, and a southern of 532. On the 7th January, 1861, the French forces began to disembark at Vera Cruz. Their sole operations hitherto have been confined to a march upon Mexico, a distance of about 256 miles. Of this distance, they had succeeded in getting over 192 miles to Puebla, when they were obliged to fall back (May, 1861) to Orizaba, a retreat of 108 miles, which left them at only about 84 miles from the point of departure. At the rate of 84 miles in, say, 10 months, over what are probably the best roads in the country, when will the imperial restorers of order reach the frontier, over vast tracts where no such thing as a road is to be found? Again, 70,000

men have been found necessary for the march on Mexico alone. How many will be needed to reach the mines of Chihuahua only? France might drain to the very last drop of her life-blood before she could restore order in Mexico by force of arms.

What, then, can be done for Mexico? The very reverse of what France is attempting; the very reverse of what *Times'* correspondents din into the public ear. "With thirty odd years of misrule and murder," writes Dr. Lempriere, "with half its revenue plundered by malversation and smuggling—with scarcely two consecutive years of peace—*Mexico is still rich and flourishing.*" "The people," he says elsewhere, "are docile and easily managed . . . three steamers on the Pacific would effectually stop all smuggling, and ensure an overflowing treasury to any well-regulated administration." "The present government, though really representing the constitutional feeling and strength of the country, is weak and vacillating." Let it be encouraged, and not brutally bullied, as it was by Sir Charles Wyke; let it be helped and strengthened, and not pulled down, as the French may soon have succeeded in doing. On its banner are inscribed all the principles which can assure the future progress of the country—freedom of religion, freedom of the press, local self-government, subordination of the army to the civil power, the suppression of clergy and army privileges, the reduction of the tariff, the suppression of interior duties and passports, colonization, the encouragement of foreign enterprise in every branch of industry. The reactionist party, on the contrary, should it recover power by French aid, threatens to bring back with it the exclusive sway of Romanism, the privileges of the clergy and army, the restoration of confiscated Church property, the censorship of the press, a high tariff, internal duties, the restriction of immigration to Roman Catholic sources, and the establishment of a central dictatorship. In other words, the programme of the Constitutional Government is unmistakably good, requiring only to be realized; the programme of the allies of the French Emperor is radically bad, requiring to be fought against to the death.

But it is probably idle to suppose that Mexico can ever regenerate herself by her own efforts, even if fostered by European

protection. Her ignorant and superstitious population requires an infusion of more vigorous blood. Her clergy, of whom Dr. Lempriere has no hesitation in saying that they are "the lowest order of pretended intellectual beings" he ever saw, have so identified themselves with the cause of murder and rapine, that no wholesome spiritual influence can be expected from them. Nothing but the inpouring of an energetic Anglo-Saxon population, bringing Protestantism with it, under favor of the freedom of worship allowed for the first time by Juarez, can give guarantees that the evils under which Mexico is laboring will be put down. Let it come from England,—when once the dread crisis of Secession is over, let it come from the Northern States of America. Unless rescued by the hands of Anglo-Saxon free-men, it is perfectly true, as Dr. Lempriere warns us, that Mexico must fall into the grasp of the Confederate slave-owners. So late as September last two separate Mexican States had been invaded by Texan Filibusters,—Chihuahua by one Colonel Beller, under the pretext that he was hunting for Apache Indians; the town of Piedras, in Nuevo Leon, by a distinct band of some 120 Americans. Are these secret allies of the French Emperor, or do they simply co-operate together by instinct, the petty man-stealer with the huge despot, like the jackal with the lion?

Meanwhile there are not wanting those in France who believe that in the Mexican expedition, so thoroughly against the grain of French feeling, the Second Empire will find its doom. A story runs that in September last, as some French troops were being embarked at Cherbourg for Mexico, the soldiers discovered that whilst the transports which were to carry them were loaded with salt meat, no potatoes had been shipped for the soldiers' *gamelle*. They remonstrated and were rebuffed, so, as file after file was put on board, the cry rose up "*Vive la Republique*, which used to give us potatoes! *Vive la Republique!*" The ominous cry (not for the first time sent forth of late from the ranks of the army when displeased) had its usual effect. An instant telegram was flashed to Paris, asking advice, and an answer as instantly flashed down granting the sought-for boon. Potatoes were shipped on board every transport; but the soldiers chuckled to each other: "It is still the republic which has given us our potatoes."

With such materials the Third Napoleon undertakes to re-organize Mexico, and his government is now entering into contracts for two years' supplies of provisions for the purpose. "The last laugh laughs the best," says the French proverb. It is difficult to believe that on this occasion the last laugh will be His Imperial Majesty of France.

. L.

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**DISTANCE OF THE FIXED STARS.**—It is not yet twenty-five years since the distance of a fixed star was measured. This was a star of the sixth magnitude, in the constellation Cygnus, and its parallax was found to be less than four-tenths of a second of space, which corresponds with a distance of 592,200 mean distances of the earth from the sun, and which requires a period of nine years for the transmission of its light.

This great feat was first accomplished in 1840, by that illustrious, self-taught astronomer and mathematician, Friedrich Wilhelm Bessel, after three years of untiring application to the problem, and constituted an important epoch in the history of sidereal astronomy.

The nearest fixed star yet known is the Alpha Centauri, a star of the first magnitude in the southern hemisphere. This star is nearly twenty millions of miles from our sun; a distance which

would require nearly three years for its light to reach down to us.

It was formerly supposed that the larger stars were much nearer to us than the fainter ones; but this is found not to be the case with all of them. The nearest star is of the first magnitude; yet there are stars of the fifth and sixth magnitudes which are a great deal nearer to us than many of the first. The bright star Capella, which is of the first magnitude, is farther from us than the pole star, which is of the third. This last-named star is so distant, that if it were now annihilated, it would still serve as a guide to the mariner for a quarter of a century. Among the innumerable stars which the telescope discloses to us, there may be those whose light is hundreds, and perhaps thousands of years in travelling down to our system.

From Chambers's Journal.

## A VICTIM TO SCIENCE.

ON the very first morning, this autumn, that I essayed to leave Sandstone for London at 8.50, I missed the train by exactly two minutes and a half. It was more than a mile from my new residence to the station (without adding in the "miss," which is said to be "as good as a mile"), so I did not think it worth while to retrace my steps, but determined to remain where I was for the 10.5 express. No railway waiting-room with which I am acquainted is a pleasant spot for the passing of spare time; but the apartment devoted to that purpose at Sandstone is peculiarly cheerless. One of its windows looks out on a blank wall about a foot distant from it, and the other on the straight, white, treeless road that leads to the town. The walls are decorated with the usual advertisements; that enormous Bed, with Sent Free by Post printed under it, with which the public is so terribly familiar; Mr. Bass's inverted pyramid; and the sixteen-shilling Sydenham trousers. There is a missionary-box on the mantelpiece, with a halfpenny in it; but that dropped out at the slit so easily, that it did not afford me the least satisfaction in attempting to get at it. There is also a time-table in a neat black frame.

I felt as though I had entered one of those hair-dressing establishments kept by a female, where the proprietress inveigles you into that awful back-room of hers, with the remark, that "the young man will be with you in a minute," which you both know will be half an hour at least. The book-stall was closed, and the man who kept it had fled away immediately after the train had gone. The clerk had shut himself into his mysterious den, and nothing but fire would induce him to open the same again for fifty minutes, I knew. The two porters were playing some game, with which I was totally unacquainted, with a luggage-truck and a turn-table. There were no less than seven severe, uncompromising chairs in the apartment, but I was ignorant both of Low and Lofty Tumbling, and could make nothing of them.

My wife had been urging me to make haste all the time I was at breakfast, for fear I should miss the train. I now regretted that I had hurried myself. My memory

hovered sorrowfully over the marmalade, with which I had not concluded my repast, as usual; my regretful fancy fluttered muffinward. I drew my cigar-case from my pocket, and was about to strike a light, when my eye lit upon a dreadful writing on the wall, which I had not before observed: "Caution.—Before a full bench of magistrates at Sandstone, on July 9th, Thomas Jones was fined £2 and costs for smoking in a railway-carriage. No smoking is permitted either in the carriages, or in any part of the company's stations." This was a sad blow, indeed, for it was drizzling enough to make the going out of doors unpleasant. I sat down and stared at the sixteen-shilling trousers until I felt all legs. Then I stared out of the window that looked towards the town. Upon the horizon appeared a black speck, which, after a great length of time, developed itself into a man with an umbrella. He moved with all the slowness and deliberation of a geometrical body; the motion of the point produced the line, the motion of the line produced the plane, the motion of the plane produced a very solid old gentleman carrying a carpet-bag.

I was not displeased to find that there was another victim to unpunctuality as well as myself; but being a person of conciliatory disposition, I observed: "I am afraid, sir, that you have arrived a little late for the train."

The stout passenger's pale face became florid for an instant, and his eye dilated with terror; but immediately afterwards he replied, with deliberate calmness: "You are mistaken, sir; I go by the 10.5. There are still five-and-forty minutes to spare, which is sufficient time, though by no means too much. You should be careful, however, in making such alarming observations; you might cause *angina pectoris*."

"I was afraid, sir, that you had missed the 8.50," replied I; "I failed to catch that train myself by but a minute or two."

"Are you, then, one of those imprudent persons who endeavor to catch the train?" observed the stranger with unaffected pity. "Permit me to present you with a little work, the perusal of which may tend to prolong a life which you are doing your best to shorten." He selected a small yellow pamphlet from about a dozen others which he carried in a capacious inside-pocket, and

placed it in my hand; its title was *The Influence of Railway Travelling on Health*. "I give you that," pursued he, "upon condition that you do not read it in the railway-carriage. 'Under the most favorable circumstances,' says Mr. White Cooper, 'there is on railways a vibration requiring incessant efforts on the part of the muscles and adjusting apparatus of the eyes to follow the shaking words, and in proportion as the carriages are ill-hung or the line rough, are these efforts great. There can be no doubt that the practice is fraught with danger.' You will discover in that volume to what conclusion the most eminent men of science have come upon the subject of catching the train. 'I have, like many others,' observes Dr. Forbes Winslow, 'removed my family during the summer season to a watering-place some fifty miles from London, and travelled to and fro night and morning by express train. I have been convinced that the advantage of sleeping by the sea-side, and of an occasional day of rest there, was fully counterbalanced by the fatigue and wear and tear of mind and body incidental to daily journeys over this considerable distance. I went to bed at night conscious that I must rise at a given and somewhat early hour, or miss my train. I am sure that this does not render sleep more sound and refreshing; and every one sleeps best on the Saturday night, when this disturbing element does not exist—since the next is the day of rest. In the same way, breakfast is eaten with this necessity of being in time still on one's mind. Then, like every one else, I had to get the cab or carriage, and go down to the station; to scramble for the morning paper, and get a seat.'"

It is impossible to render in words the gravity and earnestness with which the stout gentleman delivered this quotation. When he had concluded it, I was about to reply, but he held up a plump finger, to entreat my silence, got his breath again, after a short struggle, and continued his discourse.

"Some of the worst cases of dyspepsia I meet with," writes a gentleman, with large opportunities of observation, 'are amongst persons who habitually hurry over their breakfasts to catch the train, and who have to work their very hardest in the day, that

\* Reprinted from the *Lancet*.

they may be at the station in time to get down to a late heavy dinner in the evening. Such people are dissatisfied because the change into the country does not set them up, forgetting that even the healthiest person could not long bear the lives of regularly renewed excitement they lead—their meals, railway journeys, and their business all being done under a condition of excitement and a sense of racing against time."

"I have never suffered any of these things myself," said I, "and I have travelled much."

"That is because you are fat," returned the stout gentleman, calmly. "You will probably die of apoplexy, without any previous warning whatsoever. Dilatation and fatty degeneration of the heart are probably already going on within you."

"Really, sir," said I, "these observations are most offensive; and permit me to add, that if I *am* inclined to be stout, you are corpulent to rather an extraordinary degree."

"Now, for goodness' sake, do not excite yourself," returned my companion; "motion and flurry are the very worst things for a man of your habit of body. I am quite aware that I am not thin, but I am by no means so stout as you think. I wear an abdominal bandage, as recommended by Dr. Brown-Sequard, to preclude any danger from locomotion. It is not quite so safe as taking chloroform into the interior, but it is less inconvenient. I wish I had a spare belt to offer you, but I have only one with me. In my carpet-bag, however — But I perceive there is only twenty minutes to spare. I always secure a carriage for myself, by payment of a crown a week to the guard; if you are willing to accompany me, however, you shall do so. Two persons may occupy the same compartment with safety; but beyond that, the experiment becomes most hazardous. Dr. Angus Smith observes respecting the number of cubic inches of air in a full railway-carriage, capable of decomposing the permanganate solution——"

"The ticket-office is open, my dear sir," interrupted I—a remark which had the desired effect of immediately diverting the stout gentleman from his atmospheric statistics.

"You go first-class," said he, "of course. A good deal of the impurity of the air is retained by the woollen coverings, and is not

given off, but oxidized in its place. In the second and third classes, also, there are often only boards to sit upon, and the vibrations are communicated directly to the system. An eminent chemist once counted no less than ninety thousand vertical movements in a railway carriage between Manchester and London. The tendency of each of these movements is to produce more or less motion in the twenty-four pieces of which the human spine is made up. Subject to concussions due to vertical movement and lateral oscillation, communicated through the trunk, and actually transmitted by the bony walls of the head, when it rests against the back of the carriage, the brain is indeed apt to suffer. Epilepsy ensues; or—Now, *there's* a man I wouldn't travel with, on any account," said the stout gentleman, interrupting himself hastily, and dragging me after him into the carriage. "Look at his wild eye! He has evidently a predisposition to cerebral disease. It is ten to one that he will go mad some day, and very likely destroy some of his fellow-travellers. He is mad already, to be buying one of those cheap papers, the print of which is always dim and imperfect. That tall shambling-looking person, on the other hand, will probably have paralysis; and even that would be disagreeable to a lady, or a passenger of weak nerves."

"You draw a very frightful picture, sir," said I, "of the dangers of Railway Traveling."

"I do not, however, *overdraw* them," returned my companion. "You will find them all, and more, in that little book. But observe for yourself the people on that platform. Do you not see how gray and worn they are. They are habitual travellers, and the habit has aged them, as you see."

"I have only just taken my house at Sandstone," said I, "and therefore I have never seen any of them before. They seem, however, to be for the most part elderly people."

"They *seem* so, sir, but in reality they are nothing of the kind. 'Travelling a few years since very frequently on the Brighton line,' observes one of the leading physicians of the metropolis, 'I became familiar with the faces of a number of the regular passengers on that line. Recently, I had again occasion to travel several times on the same line. I have had a large experience in the

changes which the ordinary course of time makes on men busy in the world, and I know well how to allow for their gradual deterioration by age and care; but I have never seen any set of men so rapidly aged as these seem to me to have been in the course of those few years.'

"I am myself a pretty constant traveller," replied I, "and you really alarm me. I feel getting old while you speak."

"I assure you, you *look* so," observed my companion with disagreeable frankness. "Only conceive a man of your size travelling without an abdominal bandage. Why, sir, I never move without all these things." The stout gentleman opened his carpet-bag, and displayed a complicated apparatus such as I have seen put on by a professional diver before entering the bell. "'A small horse-shoe air-cushion' (like this), says Dr. C. J. B. Williams, 'around the neck of the traveller, and another of larger size around the loins, wonderfully intercept the noise and jarring motion of the carriages. All the motion and the worst of the noise are communicated through the solid walls of the carriages, and the head and back leaning on them, feel the din and movement in proportion as they are imperfectly cushioned. Now, the air-cushion muffles the vibration more completely than any stuffing; and provided it be not too tightly distended, it isolates from much of the surrounding jar the part resting on it. An invalid thus *air-collared* and *air-girt*, with the legs on an easy foot-rest, and a pillow or cushion or two, if needed, to prop up against the rolling or lateral motion, may generally travel in a first-class carriage with ease. The noise might be further excluded by stuffing the ears with cotton-wool, but this causes a sensation disagreeable to some persons.' I do not stuff my ears with cotton-wool at present," explained my companion, bowing as courteously as his defensive armor would permit him to do, "in order that I may enjoy the pleasure of your conversation."

I expressed my sense of this compliment as seriously as I could, although the appearance of my *vis-a-vis* was more ludicrous than anything I had ever beheld out of a pantomime; I could not, however, altogether suppress a smile.

"You will find these precautions are not a laughing matter one day, as you grow fat-



ter," observed my new acquaintance severely. "An eminent hospital surgeon gives the following evidence of what came within his personal experience on a journey from Leipsic to Berlin; it occurs in page one hundred and eleven of the volume I have given you. 'I was travelling in a first-class carriage with a very corpulent man for my companion, upwards of sixty years of age, formerly an officer of rank in the Prussian army. The train was lightly laden, and the carriages loosely coupled, and we had not proceeded far before we found the motion of the carriage most inconvenient, and, indeed, to my fellow-traveller, most distressing, in consequence of the shaking of his enormous abdomen. I placed him in the centre compartment of the carriage, persuaded him to press his feet firmly against the opposite seat, packed him in his seat with greatcoats, etc., but in vain. His cries were piteous, and his aspect, as we approached the end of our journey, really alarming. For the last four or five hours, I sat opposite to him, at his request, endeavoring to prevent his pendulous stomach swaying from side to side with the motion of the carriage. As I was myself subject to the same motion, of course the efforts were not very effectual, although my companion said it was the only ease he obtained. On arriving at Berlin, I took my fellow-traveller to his lodgings in a carriage, at a foot-pace, and placed him under medical treatment.' I think this is a warning to you at least to wear a bandage. Here is an elastic piece of cork large enough to place your feet upon as well as mine; I am only sorry that I have no duplicate of this sheet of india-rubber which I place under my cushion with a horsehair seat atop of it, in order to deaden the vibrations. The royal carriages, and those of the post-office officials, have already been provided with them. As for ventilation, nothing has been done to promote that most important end."

"We can, however, keep a window down," observed I.

"Not if I know it," remarked the stout gentleman somewhat abruptly; "and when you have read that little book, you will know why. It is bad to breathe bad air, but it is worse to fall a prey to pleurisy, pneumonia, and sciatica. Half the pulmonary diseases in Great Britain, sir, are caught through travelling on the railway with an open win-

dow; see pages thirty-four, thirty-five, and thirty-six. If this imprudence be committed on those northern and eastern lines which pass through marshy districts, the results are almost certain to be fatal. Bless my heart and body, here is a cracked glass—there is a crack in this window-pane, upon my sacred word of honor. Guard! guard!—The man pays no attention whatsoever, you observe. Deafness is one of the affections set down by Duchesne and others as frequently following the labors of guards and engine-drivers; and a very serious disqualification indeed. 'Hence,' says Mr. White Cooper, 'the men rather conceal this defect from their employers; and it is probable that a considerable amount of disease of the ears exists among them.' This guard, you see, is perfectly deaf. My cries are unavailing; the train is actually in motion. Oh, goodness gracious me!"

"If you are afraid of that little crack," said I, "why do you not change places, and remove yourself from its fatal neighborhood?"

The stout gentleman frowned and shook his head. "Do not speak to me, sir; I am about to stuff my ears with cotton-wool, as recommended at page ninety-six. You should never converse while the train is in motion—no, sir, nor read;" and with a gentle violence, he took from my hand the pamphlet of which he had made me a present, and thrust it back again into my coat pocket.

The intentions of this victim to science were so obviously humane and considerate, that I did not like to insist upon having my own way. But his silent companionship was certainly not agreeable. After watching him and his wonderful attire for a considerable time, and admiring the movements by which he endeavored to adapt himself to any oscillation of the train, I turned for variety to the window, on the other side of which trees, hedges, and hay-ricks were racing past with their usual distracting agility. The stout gentleman laid his hand upon my arm, appealingly. "Giddiness—nausea—blindness," exclaimed he with emotion.

When we stopped at the next station, he put the window down (as permitted, he said, at page thirty-seven), and explained himself at greater length. "There is nothing so pernicious as looking out upon objects near

at hand, and especially at those white telegraph posts, from which the wires seem to fall and rise in fancied undulations. See Dr. Budd, F.R.S., page—when you get home, sir, when you get home—page forty-four.”

All the conversation that passed between us was compressed into the stoppages (when my friend unplugged his ears), and exclusively confined itself to the precautions and improvements that should be adopted by railway companies or their passengers. At one station, the name of which I inquired of my companion, he took occasion to remark that all the porters should have its title on the bands of their caps, as their ship's name is borne by sailors. “Numbers of persons naturally deaf, or rendered so by railway travelling, would thus be greatly inconvenienced. And it would conduce much, sir, to the comfort of everybody—see page one hundred and forty-eight, if, on some prominent part of the station, there were roughly frescoed a plan of the neighboring town or country.”

“And do you not think,” said I, “that if wet-nurses were provided by the railway companies, at all their termini at least, it would afford much convenience to parties travelling with very young families?”

“That is not in the book, sir,” observed the stout gentleman gravely; “but I quite agree with you that it should be done. The government is criminally sluggish in all matters relating to our locomotion; while the juries in cases of compensation are viciously lenient.”

“And yet they make the companies pay large damages, do they not?”

“They give a little money, sir, but a great deal of insult and inconvenience with it. If my nervous system sustains such a shock in a collision that my pulse rises from 40 to 140 on the least excitement, the medical people retained by the company “consider the character of the pulse to be constitutional.” If I am unfitted for business—see page one hundred and seventeen—and the countenances of my fellow-travellers with terrified eyes (as at the time of the catastrophe) come before me whenever I attempt to do any reading or writing, these same medical persons pronounce me to be ‘enjoying fair average health.’ If my brain has been so disturbed as to cause an affection of the optic nerve, and *all objects to appear yellow to me*, they simply don't believe it; they remark incredulously that ‘they cannot account for the fact of the yellow vision.’”

It would have been idle for me to have reasoned with this unfortunate Victim to Science; and besides we were just arriving at the terminus; but I could not help remarking, as my companion divested himself of his armor, that if a collision, or anything else, should cause such an affection of the optic nerve as to make some objects appear more *couleur de rose* to him than they did at present, I thought it would be a great advantage.

But as my companion had not yet taken the cotton-wool out of his ears, I am afraid that my delicate sarcasm was thrown away.

**POISONERS AND POLKAS.**—It is said a lady's ball-dress, which (as many of them are) is colored green with arsenic, will in one rattling waltz or polka throw off enough poison to kill a dozen people. As the girl goes whirling round, the arsenic is whisked off her, and in a cloud of powder floats about the room. Now, if ladies will persist in wearing arsenic dresses, a ball will be as deadly and destructive as a cannon ball, and nearly every one who dances will be food for (arsenic) powder. We are past the age ourselves for such gymnastic exercise, but we like to see young people actively enjoy themselves; and we believe that there is nothing they more heartily enjoy, when they are brought together, than a galop or a waltz. For sanitary reasons, too, we think a dance com-

mendable. Sudorification is at times a healthy process, and not many modes of exercise promote it with more certainty and quickness than the dance. We, therefore, trust that poisoned dresses will soon go out of fashion, and that we may hear no more of ladies introducing the arsenic dance of death. However pretty a young lady may look “with verdure clad,” we cannot possibly admire her taste in wearing what is poisonous. If impregnated with arsenic, her dress may prove as deadly as the shirt of Nessus; and were we a young man, we should certainly abstain from choosing as a partner any girl who took to arsenic to make herself look killing—which there is reason to believe she might prove literally to be.—*Punch*.

## CHAPTER IX.

## A LETTER FROM TILBY.

MAT DROVER had only been about three months acting as waiter at Tilby Hotel, when he wrote the following letter to his uncle, Richard Drover, who still kept the inn at Coyle:—

"DEAR UNCLE,—I don't much like my place here—it don't answer like an ostler. I'd rather be one than waiter, though I'm full light of foot, and as active as any one could wish, but being used to horses all my life long, I cannot get resigned noways to indoor offices. I think if you would come down here to this side of the country you could get on better than at Coyle, which is too near other places where there are coaches passing, and your wagons aint wanted; particularly as the new railroad's just finished, and all going to ruin for coaching. Tilby is delightful in that respect—being one of the outest-of-the-way places ever was known, and most inconvenient for the carriage of goods and transportation of travellers—only one coach at present to London, and no wagons to speak of: so it would be most profitable for you and aunt to settle in this locality. There is a nice spot called 'The Halting Place,' near Mr. Lipwell's place (which aunt, of course, remembers), and it was an inn in former days, but given up of late, and it would do again for an inn, to my mind, uncommonly well. It is to be let, or knocked down, if somebody don't soon take it, and so I'd advise you to be quick in making up your mind: a good many rooms, and only wanting repairs, and to let cheap, with grass for cows, if required. Mr. Lipwell's son, Mr. Oliver, has just been killed in a duel, and ever since his death, the old gentleman don't care for anything, so he isn't as hard to deal with as formerly; but I hear his wife's very sharp, and making new alterations and laws in the place that are not liked at all. It's reported through Tilby, that Mr. Oliver was privately married to a young woman named Price, and she was only an upper servant or governess, and ran away with lots of money and stolen goods, and was never more heard of. I know it for certain, having heard Mr. Oliver himself say so on his death-bed; but it's a great secret, as Mr. Oliver didn't wish it to be known. Dear uncle and aunt, if you come down here I'd mind the horses, as I used, and not be fretting my life out among strangers, who don't care if I was running up and down-stairs till the Day of Judgment, and call me lazy afterwards. So I'll be longing for you to come at once. So pray write without further delay to Mr. Lipwell's agent, Thomas Terry, Esq., and conclude when you see the house.

"With love to Margaret and all friends at Coyle, believe me, dear uncle and aunt, your attached nephew,

"MATTHEW DROVER."

This epistle was received with a considerable degree of welcome by the couple to whom it was addressed. They were still looking much as they had looked eight years ago, when first introduced to the reader; but as they were not described then, perhaps we had better here say what they were like, as we shall meet both pretty frequently in the course of this narrative.

Drover was a stout-built man, past fifty, with hair only a little grizzled, and a stolid expression of face; the eyes were neither prominent nor sunk, but they looked oftener sideways than straight before them. He was not a man of much learning, even for an innkeeper, his wife managing much of the accounts and other business of the establishment. It has always struck us as curious how such gruff, brutish sort of men ever prevailed upon any woman to like them sufficiently to marry them; how they ever dreamed of love-making or taking unto themselves helpmates at all. Well, we must only suppose that they were different when they were young. Probably, Dick Drover, at twenty-five, had a softer heart and sweeter expression of countenance than he seemed to have at fifty; just as Mrs. Drover must naturally be supposed to have had a smaller waist, smaller features, and likewise a sweeter cast of face at that age, than she had at this time. Certainly, neither he nor she were prepossessing-looking individuals now; neither did they look particularly contented or happy.

Matthew Drover, the young man from whom they received the above letter, was a nephew whom they had reared since infancy, and he had fulfilled the part of ostler at the inn at Coyle, till, growing weary of his former home, and wishing to better himself by seeking some employment under some other master, he, at length, procured a situation as waiter at the Tilby Hotel—speedily growing tired of his new place, greatly to the satisfaction and amusement of his uncle and aunt.

"I'll engage he'd like to be back idling here," said Mrs. Drover, chuckling. "I told him so. 'Mat,' said I, 'you'll be sorry yet for leaving a good home, where you was

only too well off, with nothing to thwart you, and only a few horses to mind, and a boy to rub 'em down and assist; but he would go, and now let him stay there. What's that he says of going to the Halting Place?"

Drover read the passage of the letter more distinctly, and then proceeded to read out that portion alluding to Mr. Oliver Lipwell's death and private marriage.

"Price, did he say the name was?" said Mrs. Drover, laying down her knitting, thoughtfully.

"Yes,—Price," replied her husband, looking well at the letter.

"Humph, — married privately, — pshaw! it's all a lie!"

"Nay, don't say so," resumed Drover. "Didn't Mat hear it on his death-bed? Mat is no fool, nor a liar neither."

"Well, even if it was a marriage — what then?"

"A great deal, maybe; more than you and I can guess at all in a minute, I can tell you," said Drover, nodding his head at her.

"If there was hundreds and hundreds at stake—thousands to be gained by any fraud, Richard, I wouldn't—no, I wouldn't lend a hand to it!" exclaimed the woman, striking her clenched hand on her knee, in some excitement.

"Bother, woman! who's going to ask you?"

"Very well—let it be; let everything go on quietly now. Take my advice, Richard. We've managed to get over these few back years creditably enough, but if we go raking up what's past, God knows what 'ill come of it!"

"I'm not going to rake up anything," said Drover, doggedly; but still holding his nephew's letter, pondering its contents.

"I don't care to move down to Larch Grove," continued Mrs. Drover.

"Then it wouldn't be an ill job," said her husband; "we could get on better there than here undoubtedly; we haven't made anything to signify the last two years at Coyle here; I could remember almost every traveller that stopped a night at the inn since May last."

"They're all going the other road now, I know," replied Mrs. Drover, thoughtfully; "but, maybe we might be worse off at Larch Grove; I never knew people better themselves by moving from place to place."

"Ay, but don't you see they haven't got any railroad near Tilby; it's the railroads that are ruining the country."

"Ay, and it won't be a hurry till there's a railway at work down at Tilby, too. There isn't a spot anywhere that's free from them. How would you like to go to Larch Grove, Margaret?" demanded Mrs. Drover, of a stout, red-faced young woman, who now entered, with arms red and bare from a recent scrubbing and wringing at the wash-tub. "Here's a letter from Mat, and he wants us all to leave Coyle, and set up an inn in his neighborhood;" and the woman laughed heartily as she threw Margaret the letter. Margaret had rather a weakness in favor of her Cousin Mat, and the idea of going towards Tilby did not seem so absurd to her as it evidently did to her mother.

"Lawks now, mother, and what if we did go down there?" she said on finishing the perusal of the letter; "it might turn out the luckiest thing in the world!"

"Ah, child, those that haven't luck in one place seldom get it in another," said Mrs. Drover, shaking her head. "You and your father may do as you like, and go from Coyle, but it's my belief you won't find yourselves a pennyworth better off at Larch Grove than you are here."

"You are always dismal, Patty," observed Drover, commencing to smoke; "but I've made up my mind that Mat's notion is a good one. I'll just set about thinking of the Halting Place, and whatever comes of it, you can throw the blame on him and me."

"There will be great satisfaction in that," said Mrs. Drover, ironically. "Well, Richard, if you would take more of my advice than you do, maybe——"

But Drover was not going to be preached to: so he took himself out of the house, bringing with him his nephew's letter, which contained much that interested him, though Mat did not dream of the extent of that interest when he wrote it.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE HALTING PLACE.

THE inn called the Halting Place had long been untenanted. It stood on the roadside, and being now considerably out of repair, it presented a somewhat desolate aspect. Mr. Lipwell had lately been in doubt as to whether he should demolish it altogether, when his



agent informed him that a respectable-looking man was in treaty about it. Had Mr. Lipwell known at first who this person was, he might, perhaps, have demurred about letting the house at all; but it was not till he had partly agreed to his terms that he understood him to be Richard Drover, the inn-keeper, at Coyle: not that Mr. Lipwell ever knew anything against Drover's character; but it was as we have said—he would rather have let the Halting Place to some one else.

The rent was low; the rooms were pretty numerous, and of good size, and with the aid of fresh paper and paint might be made quite comfortable. But Mr. Lipwell refused to repair any portion of the building; he would let it from year to year without giving a lease of it, and the tenant might paint and paper for himself. Drover, after a slight remonstrance with Mr. Terry, the agent, concluded the agreement, and was put in possession of the inn, removing all his goods and chattels from Coyle, as speedily as possible, and advertising his new establishment in the *Tilby Guardian*. Mat Drover now gave up his situation as waiter at the Tilby Hotel, and repaired at once to join his uncle's family at the Halting Place. Drover had only one child living with him, the young woman already introduced to the reader—an elder married daughter, who was known to have been unhappy in her wedded life, was generally supposed to be dead.

The travellers who stopped for more than an hour or two at the inn were not numerous; but it became a halting-place, as in former days, for the Tilby coach on its way to and from London, and horses were changed there, while frequently passengers partook of breakfast or dinner. The wagons which went up to London every week also got considerable employment, and, on the whole, the establishment presented a pretty fair prospect of success.

Owing to its near vicinity to Larch Grove, the Halting Place was a good deal frequented by Mr. Lipwell's servants, and much gossip concerning all that was done at the Grove, whiled away many an evening hour at the inn. One night the conversation turned upon Mr. Oliver Lipwell's death, and on the rumor that he was actually married to a young woman of inferior position, which, somehow, began to gain ground in the vicinity.

"They say she'll surely turn up some of these days to claim her rights," said the Larch Grove butler. "People declare she was seen abroad lately."

"I believe she wouldn't gain much by coming back," observed Drover, supplying his guest with a frothing mug of beer. "Don't they say Mr. Lipwell has everything in his own power as long as he lives?"

"Yes, everything; but the property is entailed on the eldest son; and if there was a chance of an heir to Mr. Oliver, he'd get it in preference to the young lady that's regarded as the heir now."

"Then the property goes to the female as well as the male heir?" said Mrs. Drover.

"Oh, yes; but the male heir comes first, as is always the case. A daughter of Mr. Oliver's would even come in before the master's—supposing he had one—though that would seem unnatural to my mind; but there's many a queer law, no doubt."

"Then what would be done, supposing Mrs. Oliver would pop in some of these days with a fine boy or girl by the hand?" said Drover, grinning, with a spasmodic attempt at jocularity.

"Bother!" said Mrs. Drover, casting a reproachful look at her husband; "there's no miracles now-a-days."

"That wouldn't be such a miracle either," said the butler; "there's more than one person says she was seen in Australia lately; and others declare positively they saw her at New York; so it's likely she's in one or other of those places."

"Ay, or in both, maybe," said Mrs. Drover, in an irritated tone.

"No, but it's more likely what I heard last night," said Jack Plummet, the blacksmith.

"What was that Jack?" demanded Drover, with interest.

"That the two ghosts of Mr. Oliver and herself have been seen going, arm in arm, round the ponds at the Grove at midnight ever since Mr. Oliver was killed."

"Phew!" exclaimed the butler, sceptically. "If the game-keeper catches them ghosts, he'll soon make short work of them! There's an awful lot of poaching going on of late. I hear them say the pheasants are going off like shot; and the trout even are caught away out of the pools as if it was enchantment. Master Hopton is down with



us now at the Grove, and he's mad for fishing. I think he wouldn't mind sitting up at night to catch the poaching chaps himself."

"Ay, but these ghosts are no poachers," continued the blacksmith; "they were seen plain, going to and fro; and she had her hand pressed on her throat this a-way," said the man, clasping his great dark neck with his black fingers.

The conversation was now interrupted by Mrs. Drover overturning a large saucepan on the fire, which caused a general scattering of the company sitting round it; but as soon as they were again seated, the butler once more resumed the subject of the governess and Mr. Oliver Lipwell.

"Do you know, it was said that Miss Price, or Mrs. Oliver, or whatever we are to call her, never went from England at all," he said. "They say David Wynne knows more about her than he chooses to say."

"That may be," observed Mrs. Drover, "Wynne is a very close man, and he and Mr. Lipwell were always as thick as thieves."

"There's different times at the Grove, now, to what there used to be when Wynne was hired there," said the butler somewhat bitterly. "I believe he ruled the house entirely, and every servant had to curry favor with him, and bribe him, or they couldn't have kept their places an hour. I've heard that, great a man as he looks, Wynne would sell his soul for money, if it came to that."

"Ay, and with all his great love for Mr. Lipwell, maybe he'd be the means of ruining him and his yet," said Mrs. Drover, moodily; "those cunning people often get the upper-hand over their employers in the end."

"And Wynne is the very cove that could outwit the knowingest man in England," said the butler, who never could forgive Wynne for certain advice he had given Mr. Lipwell concerning the key of the general wine cellar, and the bottling of the wine.

When the few guests had departed from the inn that night, Drover and his wife held a consultation together, before retiring to rest, concerning a rather important matter; and it was arranged that Drover was to proceed to Tilby early next day.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### RICHARD DROVER'S BUSINESS AT TILBY.

DAVID WYNNE had completed his morning round of inspection and fault-finding,

and was leisurely smoking a pipe while he awaited the arrival of the officers of the board, who were to meet that day, when, at about eleven o'clock or so, he was informed that a man named Richard Drover wished to speak with him.

"Send him here, then," said Wynne, who happened to be sitting on an inverted barrel, in his own yard, perfectly at his ease.

Drover soon made his appearance, and he and Wynne shook hands with a semblance of cordiality, though neither looked the other straight in the face.

"Hope you're well, Mr. Wynne," said Drover, smilingly, and with a little obsequiousness.

"Oh, uncommonly well," replied David. "How are you all down your side of the country? Getting on well I hope?"

"Pretty well, thank you—we can't complain much. Considering the lonely situation of the Halting Place, we're doing a pretty smart business; but I think the rent too high—far too high; and Mr. Lipwell should repair the place, and——"

"Mr. Lipwell don't care a trump for having the place let, Drover," returned Wynne, impatiently. "You may give it up to-morrow, and he'll only be delighted, and Mr. Terry too; so never fret about it being on your hands; you can soon get rid of it if you wish."

"Ay, but not without expense, Mr. Wynne," said Drover, flashing his eyes at the paving-stones of the yard, and its walls—everywhere, but in the direction of the man whom he was talking to, and angry with. "It's not easy for a man to move his family and his furniture and horses thirty miles backwards and forwards, without feeling his purse the lighter for it. Give up the Halting Place indeed! No, I believe we'll stay in it, high rent and all, rather than move again."

"So I thought," said Wynne, quietly.

For some time Drover did not mention the reason for which he had come that day to Tilby; but at length, after discussing a great many irrelevant matters, he entered upon the subject of which he had been thinking all the while.

"You'll be surprised, Mr. Wynne," he said at last, "to hear that I have a relative living here since she was an infant. Goodness knows it's with grief I say it."

"Which is that?" asked Wynne, utterly unmoved by the intelligence.

"A grandchild," said Drover, covering his face for an instant with his large hands.

Finding, however, that Wynne was not in the least surprised or excited, he went on more coolly.

"This child, I believe, has gone by the name of Flaggs since she came to the almshouse, and God knows she may keep it for all she deserves to bear her unlucky father's name. So let it be Flaggs all along; I'll not quarrel with it nor try to change it. But you see, Mr. Wynne, I think it my duty to relieve the almshouse of her now when I am able to keep her under my own roof. It is only latterly I heard of her at all. You have heard me speak of my poor daughter Mary that married unknown to me? Well, she's her child!"

"Humph," said Wynne; "and what's to be done with her now?"

"She's to come home to me—to her grandfather and grandmother."

"And why didn't she go to you long ago?"

"Because we knew nothing at all about her. Poor Mary is only dead a short time, and on her death-bed she wrote to me to say how she had left this child some years ago at the Tilby Almshouse, and begging me and her mother to look after it as it advanced in years; so I'm come now to say I'm willing to take her home with me to do what I can for her."

"Well that's a good thing for her, no doubt," said Wynne, looking pretty sharply at Drover. "Mr. Lipwell was speaking the other day of getting her apprenticed to a dressmaker, or taking her over to the Grove to teach her how to wait upon the young ladies. She has grown a wonderful sharp little piece; can read like a parson, and figure, too, as exact as the multiplication table."

"Well, I am rejoiced to hear it—poor child!" said Drover, apparently about to shed tears of thankfulness. "But still, for the present I'd prefer her to come home to me and her grandmother at the Halting Place; and after that she can enter any service Mr. Lipwell might think fit for her. I'll never stand in the way of her advancement."

"And how came it your daughter abandoned her child in this unnatural way for so many years?" asked Wynne.

"It was owing to her being obliged to separate from her husband and go to earn her bread at service, and she couldn't support the infant. You know it was years before I ever spoke to her, since her unfortunate marriage; and I don't mean to excuse her one bit. She gave me grief enough, but that's forgotten now. I've forgiven her, and I'll act upright to the child."

"You must tell all this before the board to-day," said Wynne; "they'll meet here in a quarter of an hour, and I suppose you'll be allowed to take away the little girl. They're not over fond of keeping more than is necessary in the house, and we're pretty full just now. Would you like to see Little Flaggs?"

"Well, Mr. Wynne, I should like to speak a few words to the child."

Accordingly, the little girl was summoned, and soon made her appearance before Drover. She was attired neatly in a dress that had formerly belonged to one of the Miss Wynnes; her hair was smoothly combed, and the bright flush on her cheek denoted that she was in perfect health.

"The very picture of poor Mary!" exclaimed Drover, eagerly catching her in his arms. "Excuse me, Mr. Wynne: but you know what a father feels. You're lovely children of your own; God bless and spare them to you! Oh, dear!" and Little Flaggs was embraced most tenderly, rather to her surprise; no one before having so honored her, except, perhaps, old Suky Sparrow.

"That's your grandfather, Flaggs," said Wynne, abruptly, "and you're to go home at once."

"Not mine, Mr. Wynne," replied the child, wonderingly; "you know I am an orphan, with no relation in the whole world."

"This one has turned up now, though," said Wynne, amused at her evident astonishment; "and you've got a grandmother and aunt, and ever so many relations down at the Halting Place, where you're to live now."

"O Mr. Wynne, is this really true?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.

"Well, so this man says, and I'm sure he has no reason to wish to support a child like you if there was no truth in the rela-

tionship. Children now-a-days aint so precious that people want to go searching for strange ones in every nook and corner."

Little Flags felt that she ought to be very happy and fond of her grandfather, but somehow she fancied he was not a very pleasant, lovable-looking individual. He wore a great brown coat, a good deal soiled, and bearing immense white buttons, a wide-brimmed hat, and very coarse shoes. Of course she could not rationally expect to find him a gentleman; but will not wild, irrational dreams flit through our fancy in spite of our reason and better sense? Would it have been much more strange if a real gentleman in soft raiment had come to claim her thus unexpectedly as a relation, than it was to learn so suddenly that she was to leave the almshouse and go home with this hitherto unknown, unheard-of individual?

The little girl had been petted since infancy among the poor, grumbling, broken-hearted creatures in the almshouse, and this fact rendered her quite an important young person, even in her own eyes. Every one there had loved to see her prettily dressed, and well taken care of; and in particular, she had become an object of attention to David Wynne's mother, to whom she owed her knowledge of hymns and accounts and other useful branches of education. Had she been older than she was, she might have awakened envious feelings among her companions; but so far, she had escaped all censure and malice.

The only members of the almshouse committee who met that day were Mr. Lipwell and Sir Thomas Combely.

"How are you, Mr. Lipwell?" said Sir Thomas, greeting him warmly at the almshouse door.

"Pretty well, thank you, Combely. Rather perplexed just now, thinking what is to be done with my wife's nephew, young Hopton, who is with us now. He refuses to go back to his last school, and wants to go off to sea, but his aunt wont hear of it, and so he is idling away his time at the Grove."

"How old is he?"

"Fifteen or so; time to think of some profession for him. And he cannot afford to lead an idle life; he hasn't got above two hundred a-year, and that, for a young scamp that has already commenced at billiards and cigars, wont go very far. His tastes are all

expensive, and then his aunt wishes to indulge him, till he vexes her, and then she fancies there isn't such a reprobate on the face of the earth."

Sir Thomas laughed, and was not disposed to take a dark view of Master Hopton's shortcomings. Every one knew that his father and mother had died, leaving him very badly off, and that he was now under the guardianship of Mrs. Lipwell, who was his mother's sister.

Mr. Lipwell and Sir Thomas entered the boardroom, and were quickly joined by David Wynne, who was accompanied by Richard Drover. The slightest possible shadow passed over the face of Mr. Lipwell as he recognized Drover; but he gave him a courteous salutation, as became landlord and tenant.

"It appears, sir," said Wynne, after some preliminary conversation, "that Little Flags is to leave the almshouse and go home to her grandfather, Drover here; he says she is the child of a daughter now dead."

"Is this the case, Drover?" asked Mr. Lipwell, fixing his eyes full on the man's face.

"Yes, sir," said Drover, respectfully. "She's the child of my daughter, now dead. She married a ruffian, sir—I've no other name for him; but it's a long story that had best be forgotten." And he drew his hand over his eyes.

"Of course, sir, there is no objection to his claiming the child," said Wynne.

"Well I suppose not; but surely we ought to have some other than his own testimony merely, that the little girl is his grandchild. There may be some mistake. He may himself be deceived in the matter," said Mr. Lipwell.

"Very true," added Sir Thomas. "We should have more proof, Wynne, that this child is really the person that Drover takes her for."

Drover glanced quickly from one gentleman to the other with an unsettled look, that might have reminded the observer of the roving expression of the eye of a fox.

"Have you anything or any one to prove that this is your grandchild?" demanded Mr. Lipwell.

"Nothing beyond my own word, sir," said Drover boldly; "but I can tell you the year and the day of the month that she was left

in the almshouse—it was the 13th of July, 18—, a fine warm evening; so my daughter told me.”

“Look in the books, Wynne, just for form’s sake,” said Sir Thomas, “and see if this is correct.”

Wynne moved to the bookcase, and searched through several large volumes piled amongst others of later date; and after great rummaging and turning over of pages, at length hit upon the date of the child’s entrance at the Tilby Almshouse. The note corresponded with Drover’s statement.

“You are right, Drover,” said Mr. Lipwell, who had read the entry with the aid of his gold-rimmed spectacles.

The man smiled a melancholy smile of resignation and satisfaction.

“It’s all settled then, sir?” said Wynne. “Shall I send for Little Flaggs?”

“Oh, there is no necessity for that,” said Mr. Lipwell. “The child’s presence is not required. I suppose, Drover, you will take her home with you at once. I shall write an order, delivering her over to your care.”

“You will treat her kindly, of course,” said Sir Thomas; “we always look to that in sending away our young paupers.”

“People can’t be hard on their own flesh and blood, Sir Thomas,” said Drover, in a melancholy tone. “Man cannot always answer for his conduct, but as far as lies in my power I will try to remember that this is my departed daughter’s child.”

“And don’t visit the sins of her father on her head,” said Mr. Lipwell, smiling.

“Never fear, sir; the innocent sha’n’t suffer for the guilty,” returned Drover, solemnly.

#### CHAPTER XII.

##### AWAY FROM THE ALMSHOUSE.

It caused a great sensation among the paupers when it was spread abroad that Little Flaggs was going away. Some of the half-witted or idiotic inmates came flocking round her during the course of the day, looking curiously at her, as if she were about to be translated to a spirit-world; and glimmering in their benighted minds were a few sparks of regretful feelings.

“Will you come back and read to us any more, and tell us of God?” said one poor creature, laying her hand heavily on her shoulder. “And who will sing us hymns

when we’re resting in the evenings, with the stars above us?”

“I may come back, Jenny,” said the little girl, taking the palsied hand, all crooked and rough, between her own soft palms; “but even if I do not, I will not forget you in my prayers.”

The Miss Wynnes, feeling rather excited at the news of Little Flaggs having discovered her grandfather and being about to leave Tilby, grew generous on the spot, and made her many presents of clothes and books; and Mrs. Wynne, senior, bestowed upon her a new Bible and Prayer-book with gilt clasps, besides a variety of well-meaning tracts, likely to improve her religious views if she could only understand them. (Kind Christians, when you write tracts for the ignorant, bear in mind always that hard words and wonderful sentences are utterly useless to them. Let your writing be “yea, yea, and nay, nay,” or something equally simple.) Mrs. Wynne gave the little girl a purse containing a sovereign, accompanied by much sharp advice.

“Recollect,” said she, “that you won’t have the easy life that you had here—just playing about and idling as you liked; but you’ll have hard work, maybe, to do, and scrubbing about the kitchen in your grandfather’s house, quite different from anything you ever had to do here; for an inn is a busy place, never quiet a minute from morning till night; and you will have to be up early and late.”

This did not terrify Little Flaggs in the least; she fancied herself capable of enduring all hardship, if it were only coupled with variety. And would not the inn be charming, with its coaches and wagons perpetually setting off or stopping? It is true that Suky Sparrow had told her some curious stories about inns, which now and then made her feel somewhat doubtful about her grandfather’s calling; and before she went off finally, she brought her mind up to a great pitch of courage that day, and asked Suky in a whisper if murders were not very common at inns; to which Suky replied that it depended on the sort of people that kept them, for that keeping an inn did not necessarily make a person a murderer, which was a very sage observation.

“There’s opportunities of making away with travellers, no doubt, at inns now and

then; but it's seldom such things are heard of now-a-days," she said, consolingly.

"Maybe they're not found out," said the child, shrewdly.

"Oh, not all; there's no such things as murders like the way there was in old times."

"Grandfather looks very cross," said Little Flaggs in an awful whisper. "When Bunny barked at him he gave him such a kick, and frowned like anything."

"For all that, you must be a good child, and do what he bids you."

"That's not in the Commandments," said the little girl. "It doesn't say you are to obey or honor your grandfather, only your father and mother."

"It means every one you're under the authority of," said Suky, feeling rather puzzled.

"I think not," said Flaggs. "If my grandfather told me to do anything that I didn't at all like, I needn't do it."

"Fie! fie!" cried Suky. But the young lady shook her head with the determination of a somewhat spoiled child; and then she flung her arms round Suky's neck, in an agony of tears, declaring she would never forget her. The old woman's wrinkled face twitched nervously, and her lip trembled.

Farewell to the large yard and its steaming sooty boiler, its high walls, and the many-barred windows of the almshouse, and the distant view of the "dwelling-house!" Get your little bundle, child, and say good-by; for the market-car that you are to travel on has already stopped outside the gate; and Richard Drover is making way for you among great piles of groceries and meat. The sun was flashing its last beams on the windows and chimneys of the almshouse, and the air was all still, save for the murmur of insects dancing hither and thither, when the child emerged from the large gate of the yard, dressed in her best suit, consisting of a gray cotton frock, a brown shawl, a white straw bonnet, and rockspun gloves; the parting words of the idiot, Sally Bird, yet ringing in her ears, "Good-by, little one; good-by, little one!"

Tears were in her eyes as her grandfather lifted her into the car. They drove in silence through the town, and passed the quay, where sailors were hurrying to and fro, and coal vessels sending forth their black store; and then they came out upon

country roads, where the birds were singing their evening songs in the trim hedgerows, among honeysuckles and wild roses. There was a sort of ecstasy, mingled with a feeling of melancholy, in the little girl's mind as these rural sights and sounds fell upon eye and ear.

"How far have we to go now, grandfather?" she asked, when they had gone about two miles.

"Three times as far as we have gone already," answered Drover. "Are you getting tired?"

"No; I like the drive and the scent of the hay. Are there green fields and flowers at the Halting Place?"

"Fields enough, but not many flowers," said Drover, so gruffly, that Little Flaggs said no more for a long time.

The sun went down behind the hills far off, and then a cool breeze sprang up, waving the leaves of trees and the long grass in the meadows. Dogs began to bark, and the moon appeared in the yet bright sky, while here and there a star shot out wherever the young traveller's eye scanned the heavens. Lonely cottages were passed, and comfortable farmhouses, and high gates of the rich and grand, with dark trees flanking them. Everything was growing shadowy and mysterious looking in the fading twilight. The car at length entered an extensive demesne, with a broad road running through it, bounded on either side by fine old trees and pleasant sweeps of park; then they turned off to a narrow road among tangled woods and heather, where hares and rabbits were startled from rest at the sound of their approach. It was very dark and solemn here, and the wind whistled and crackled in the tree-tops.

"What place is this, grandfather?" said the child, in a low voice, feeling rather timid lest she might again be answered gruffly.

"It's Larch Grove," said Drover, smacking the whip over the horse's back.

"And what water is that over there?" she asked, pointing to a dark pool overhung by trees.

"It's a pond—don't you know?"

"And isn't there something moving round it?—look."

But Drover wouldn't look; he whipped the horse smartly, and the pond and the



moving object round it, if there was any such, were left behind.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

##### THE ARRIVAL AT THE INN.

OUT upon the high-road again, almost in utter darkness for about a mile, with bats flying hither and thither through the still warm air, and then down a narrow lane leading by a short cut to the Halting Place. The car stopped, and Little Flagg became more curious and interested than ever. Her head was a little confused from the long drive, and her limbs seemed cramped, and her feet rather numb; yet still she looked anxiously at the old inn, now standing in the dim light before her. There were not many lights in the windows which glanced darkly in the upper stories, but the lower part of the house presented a more cheerful aspect. Through the open door the blaze of the large kitchen fire gleamed pleasantly; but withal, the general aspect of the hostelry was not brilliant. It had undergone few improvements since it fell into Drover's hands; the utmost that had been done towards repairing it was in the matter of the chimneys, which had been made secure, and the front windows which were restored as to whole panes, though many a dark back-window looked over the yard, dilapidated and ghastly. Very little painting or whitewashing had been done;—in short, Drover had gone to but trifling expense in beautifying either the exterior or interior of the Halting Place since it came into his possession.

Mrs. Drover received the young stranger in the large kitchen of the inn, and did not seem particularly affectionate in greeting her, though she certainly did not regard her with indifference. The face of the strong woman grew pallid, her whole frame trembled as her eye fell upon the tiny figure of the child. She did not kiss or embrace her in any way; she seemed to look upon her as an apparition of horror. Her daughter Margaret and nephew Mat behaved with a greater show of kindness, both endeavoring to make the little girl feel at home among them; but our heroine had an instinctive feeling that she was scarcely welcome there. She scanned the faces of those around her with much acuteness, and perhaps felt more inclined to give her confi-

dence to the harsh-featured grandmother, who hardly accosted her all the night, than to any one else present. On retiring to rest she found that she was to occupy a chamber to herself, a small garret-room at the top of the house, very unlike the large dormitory at the almshouse which she had slept in with many other inmates. The only window in this little apartment was a skylight, broken-paned, and mended in some places with slate-colored paper; her bedstead was of unpainted deal, her bed of fresh sea-weed, smelling strongly of the ocean; and there was very little other furniture in the room. Before getting into bed, the little girl being alone, for some reasons of her own, proceeded to discover if the flooring of this apartment was whole. All around she looked for some aperture in the boards—a rat-hole, a gap of any kind; but in vain. Then she tried if the door had a lock and key; a lock it had, but no key visible, nor bolt, nor any apparent mode of fastening, save the latch. Having made these observations, she composed herself to rest, having shed some tears to the memory of the kind friends at Tilby.

It might have been midnight when she was awakened by a slight noise, a very faint sound at her door, like the turning of the latch. Starting up, she proceeded to the door, guided by the moonlight, which streamed through the window overhead, and tried to open it, but in vain. The door was locked now. A child often reasons keenly. Little Flagg was perhaps more acute than most young people of her years. Born with a nervous instinct of danger, a mysterious inheritance, which might have been considered a presentiment of overhanging evil, this child, even when at Tilby, surrounded by friends, had sometimes fearful dreams of meeting with a violent end. When stories of murders were related to her, her blood ran cold, her heart grew faint; yet such was her morbid feeling on such subjects, that she preferred these tales to all others—they possessed for her a fascination wild and terrible. So now, as she stood trembling at her locked door, feeling herself a prisoner, filled with strange doubts, a hundred wild fancies flitted through her mind. Instinctively she clasped her neck with her hands. Poor little slender throat! of what avail would it be to injure it?

Fearful of returning to bed, yet shivering with cold and undefined terror, she stood for a long while immovable, listening for any sounds that might strike upon her ear. Soon it seemed to her that there was a noise of footsteps ascending the stairs leading in the direction of her room. They were slow and heavy steps, as though a burden of great weight impeded the progress of the person or persons walking. They ceased for a minute or two upon reaching the top landing, and the little girl knew that the door of the room adjoining her own was opened, and that the person or persons entered it. There was but a slight partition between her room and the next one, which was used as a sort of lumber-room by the Drovers; and seeing that a light as of a candle glimmered through the chinks of this partition, Little Flaggs cautiously approached it, and found that by applying her eye to a large aperture, worn away by time in this partition, she could make a survey of what was going on behind the scenes. What she saw really, or what she fancied she saw that night, had a fearful effect upon her. The height of a diseased imagination could not have conjured up anything more terrible. After looking through the chink for some minutes, her eyesight failed, her head became giddy, and she sank senseless on the ground.

#### CHAPTER XIV. THE MANOR.

THE merry song of a lark perched on the roof was ringing through the air, and the bright summer sun flooded the little attic chamber with a glorious radiance, when the little girl returned to consciousness. She found herself lying on the floor, cold, and in a strange bewilderment of mind. Had she fallen asleep there and dreamed a most terrific dream? She hardly knew whether such might not have been the case. Very ardently she wished it was. But how could she ever discover the truth? Could she dare to question any mortal in that house as to whether she had dreamed or beheld reality? Shivering and miserable, she crept into bed, and from utter exhaustion fell into a profound slumber. When her Aunt Margaret came to call her, she found it hard to awake her. She shook her and shouted at her, and finally sprinkled a few drops of cold water on her face which made her start up with a frightened exclamation of—

"Where am I?"

"You're here, child. Why are you so scared looking? Get up quick, and learn to milk the cows, for you must help me with the house-work," said Margaret.

With trembling fingers the child dressed with nervous speed, while her eyes would keep wandering ever and anon to the chink in the partition, till at last Margaret's gaze followed their direction, and to her dismay she approached the partition, exclaiming how the mice or something had worn holes in it; adding that they must be mended at once.

Little Flaggs said nothing, but she saw her aunt put her eye to the chink in the partition, and look through it, and she then felt as if she would faint. Had she fainted at all last night, or was it only the dream of a heavy sleep?

"Come, come. What ails you? Staring about as if you expected to see a ghost!" called out Margaret. "I can't wait, if you don't get your wits right, and make haste."

Thus urged the little girl summoned up all her energy to get ready as fast as possible, and was soon out in the fresh air, among singing birds and cackling fowl. Margaret brought her to the inn-yard, the gate of which was wide open, for the wagon that went every week to London, carrying goods, had that morning gone on its way heavily laden, and the track of its mighty wheels could be seen on the ground. An ostler was busy in the stables, rubbing down and talking to the horses, which were clanking their chains; the cows were in the shed waiting patiently to be milked; the numerous fowl were strutting about the yard. All was very rural from the calves that were bleating for their breakfast to the magpie chattering on the house-top, and watching the little chickens following their mother. This was really the country, with green fields and hedges and shady trees. In spite of the dreamlike terror of the past night, Little Flaggs felt the exhilarating influence of the fresh air, perfumed with the fragrance of clover and bean-blossoms. She watched her aunt milking the cows, and feeding the calves and chickens, feeling that she would soon learn to do these things herself. \*

As the day advanced, people from the village of Larch Grove dropped in at the inn to make inquiries about a certain young man, named Mark Stedman, who was missed from his work that day; but the Drovers said they had not seen him for several days; he did not come often to the inn. He was the son of the game-keeper at Larch Grove

Manor—a youth very active in the detection of poachers, who feared him much. For this reason it was dreaded that some harm might have happened to him through malice or revenge.

"It is not unlikely that some of these poaching chaps may have given him a knock on the head," observed Drover; "but if so, where is the body? After all, I think it's more certain that Stedman has gone off somewhere on a spree. He'll turn up to-morrow or next day."

But to-morrow and next day it was all the same. Mark Stedman appeared no more at Larch Grove. The magistrates in the neighborhood assembled to consult with each other upon his mysterious disappearance, but could come to no fixed conclusion respecting it. There was no one to suspect in particular. When Mat Drover returned from London, whither he had gone with the wagon, he found everybody at Larch Grove talking of young Stedman. But the matter at length dropped off when something else came to occupy public attention. The general conviction was that Mark was murdered, but the excitement attending that conviction died a natural death in time.

When Mrs. Lipwell understood that the little girl from the almshouse, whom she had wished to bring up as a maid for her daughters, was living at the Halting Place as granddaughter of the innkeeper, she sent for her one day to come to Larch Grove Manor; and accordingly the child was despatched to the mansion, which she entered with fear and trembling. Mrs. Grumbly, the housekeeper, who still resided in her official capacity at Larch Grove, received her with civility, scrutinizing her with a sharpness peculiar to her. There was something in the air and appearance of the little girl, as she stood before her, that recalled to her mind the appearance of some one whom she could not then recollect clearly. After the first few moments of the interview elapsed, this resemblance faded away, and Mrs. Grumbly ceased to puzzle herself about it. The heart of the child beat fast when Mrs. Lipwell and her daughters came down to the housekeeper's room to speak to her; but the gentle demeanor of the elder Miss Lipwell won her confidence very quickly. It was hard to think that this young girl, dressed so simply, and so modest looking, was the heiress of all the broad lands round Larch Grove. So far from being proud or overbearing, Maria Lipwell had an extremely humble, retiring manner, and her countenance wore a look of sadness remarkable in one so young. She was not actually pretty, but very sweet-looking. Her air had nothing of that affected humility and condescension which some

great people assume towards their inferiors, the real nature of which is easily seen through. It was rather that of a person who considered herself possessed of more than was her due, and for which she seemed about to apologize in these words: "I am to be the owner of great wealth, far more than I deserve, but I beg you will not hate or envy me for it, as the thought of having power and authority does not give me the happiness which you may imagine it does." She spoke more to Little Flaggs than the other ladies, and seemed particularly interested by her, engaging her to attend her Sunday-School class, and to come every day for an hour or so to the Manor House, to learn fancy needlework from the lady's maid, Jane Hart. Fortunately neither Drover nor his wife objected to their granddaughter complying with Miss Lipwell's requests, and Little Flaggs was permitted to go to Larch Grove as often as she was welcome there, after doing her own household work at the inn. It was always interesting to the Drovers to know what was going on at the Manor House, and whenever their grandchild returned from Larch Grove she was always questioned minutely as to the proceedings there.

"Is it true," asked her Aunt Margaret, one day, "that Miss Lipwell and Mr. Raynor, the young curate at the Parsonage, are carrying on a courtship?"

"I don't know," replied the girl, "but I'm sure it is not, for Mr. Raynor wouldn't be grand enough for so great a lady."

"That's her own business," resumed Margaret; "many a rich heiress takes a fancy to a poor gentleman. Old Peggy Juggs met them walking yesterday through the demesne, and she had the boldness to speak out and tell Miss Lipwell to take care of getting herself into trouble by a courtship that might not please her mother; and though she's half-crazed she says she could see how Mr. Raynor's eyes flashed fire, and Miss Lipwell blushed like a rose, and trembled all over like an aspen."

"Mr. Raynor's a good man, and I like him," said Little Flaggs; "but still I'm afraid he's not a rich enough husband for Miss Maria."

And now it recurred to the girl's mind how she had seen Miss Lipwell that day looking as if she had been weeping, and how she had appeared to take less interest than usual in speaking to her when she met her in Jane Hart's room.

"Old Peggy Juggs was very impertinent to speak in that way to a lady," she said, after a pause.

"That may be," returned Margaret; "but still it would not make her words less true."

From The Spectator.

# THE CIRCULATION OF MODERN LITERATURE.

ACCORDING to the *Bookseller*, the leading organ of the publishing trade of Great Britain, the press of this country brought forth during the last twelve months, from the commencement of December, 1861, to the end of November, 1862, no less than 4,828 new books, including reprints and new editions. Of this number—to follow the classification adopted by the *Bookseller*—942 were religious works; 337 represented biography and history; 673 belonged to poetry and general literature; 925 were works of fiction; 216 annuals and serials, in book form; 61 were illustrative of art and architecture; 60 commercial; 278 pertaining to geography and travel; 283 law and parliamentary publications; 129 medical and surgical works; 243 oriental, classical, and philological books; 191 works on grammar and education; 81 naval, military, and engineering publications; 157 books on politics and questions of the day; 104 works on agriculture, horticulture, and field sports; and 148 books devoted to science and natural history. Consequently, religion stands at the head of English literature, and next to religion fiction; while commerce is placed at the very bottom. The conclusion lies near, that either the great Napoleon has said something extremely stupid in calling us a nation of shopkeepers, or that we have very much altered since the days of the great Napoleon. It is not every nation in the world that publishes between two and three religious works and as many romances per day; not to speak of poetry at the rate of thirteen new volumes per week, with an extra quantity hidden in annuals and serials, in crimson cloth and gilt edges.

The flow of this vast stream of literature is very unequal; sometimes rapid like a mountain torrent, and at other periods slow as a caravan creeping through the desert. There is, however, a constant rise and fall of the tide, returning with annual regularity. It is high water at Christmas, and neap tide during the greater part of the summer and autumn; but the ordinary flood sets in about the beginning of September, and lasts far into the new year. During the last twelve months, there were published in the month of January 354 new works; in February,

387; in March, 375; in April, 426; in May, 389; in June, 415; in July, 337; in August, 264; in September, 169; in October, 423; in November, 432; and in December, 848. The greatest variation is caused by novels and religious works, which fluctuate more than any other description of literature. Whereas 169 religious publications were issued in December, the number fell to 41 in the month of August, and to 33 in September; and in works of fiction, including juvenile stories, the variation was still greater, sinking from 233 new books in December to 46 volumes in August, and 41 in September. So that when the snow lies on the ground—or, within the shade of St. Paul's and Paternoster Row, the fog and mud—the great workshop of literature produces seven new books of fiction *per diem*; after which supreme effort the labor of the machine begins to flag, and sinking lower and lower every month, at last gets reduced to the bringing forth of a single book in the twenty-four hours. Unlike fiction and religion, the current of science, law, and commerce continues its course in perennial order. Science flows at the rate of twelve publications a month; law and blue-books run at the speed of twenty-three volumes in four weeks; and commerce creeps along in the most regular fashion with five monthly works. In the latter respect, the fitful vitality of the "Row" is evidently overcome by the tideless force of Cornhill and the Stock Exchange.

There seems a certain connection, not applicable, however, in all points, between the number of books, reprints, and new editions published annually, and the absolute sale and circulation of the various classes of literature. Religion and fiction again stand high in the latter list; but history and biography follow closely, and works of geography and travel in general hold a far larger share of importance than is shown by the annual numbers of this class of books. Mr. Murray sold 30,000 copies of Dr. Livingstone's *Travels*, at a guinea apiece, and ten thousand more at six shillings; while of Captain McClintock's work 12,000 copies were taken by the public; of Du Chaillu's "*Adventures in Equatorial Africa*," 10,000; and of Ellis's "*Madagascar*," 4,000. Messrs. Longman and Co. sold 4,000 copies of Sir J. Emerson Tennent's "*Ceylon*;" 3,300 of the Alpine



Club's "Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers;" 1,000 of C. P. Collins's "Chase of the Wild Red Deer;" and 1,500 copies of Captain Burton's "Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah." Of Dr. Krapf's "Travels in Eastern Africa," 1,400 copies were disposed of by Messrs. Trübner and Co.; of E. Seyd's "California," 500; of Ravenstein's "Russians on the Amoor," 800, and of the world-famous imaginary "Travels of Baron Munchausen," illustrated by "Crowquill," 3,000 copies. Considering that all these are high-priced works, it must be confessed that the public taste is very pronounced as regards works of travel. It is certain that there is not a country in the world besides England where 30,000 people would lay down a guinea each to get a copy of a work on African exploration; or where 4,000 purchasers could be found of a publication like Sir J. Emerson's Tennent's "Ceylon," sold at two pounds and a half.

However, great as is the sale and implied circulation of this class of books, it is but small as compared to that of religious works. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. sold 7,000 copies of Archer Butler's "Sermons;" 3,000 copies of Mr. Maurice's "Theological Essays;" 5,000 copies of Proctor's "History of the Book of Common Prayer;" the same number of Roundell Palmer's "Book of Praise," published little more than a month ago; and 1,000 copies of "O'Brien on Justification." The increasing demand for theological works is singularly illustrated in the last-named book, a second edition of which was reprinted after being nearly a quarter of a century "out of print," and 1,000 copies sold within nine months. Messrs. Longman and Co. disposed of 12,000 copies of the various editions of Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of St. Paul;" of 20,000 copies of the famous "Essays and Reviews;" of several thousands of the "Chorale Book for England;" and of 27,000 copies of the two series of "Lyra Germanica," or "Hymn-book for the Sundays and chief festivals of the Christian year." Mr. Murray sold 7,000 copies of the "Aids to Faith," edited by Dr. Thomson, the present Archbishop of York; 6,500 copies of Dr. William Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible;" 2,000 copies of Dr. Hessey's "Sunday, its Origin and History;" 3,000 copies of Dr. Stanley's "Lectures on the Eastern Church,"

and the same number of the same author's "Lectures on the Jewish Church." A new kind of religious literature, highly popular among certain classes of the community, has of late been introduced by Messrs. Strahan and Co., and has in a very short time risen to considerable importance. The works in question are nearly all handsomely bound and illustrated, yet sold at a comparatively low price, and evidently addressed to new portions of the population, whom the spread of education has driven upwards into the great market of literature. Many of these small volumes, neatly bound in cloth, and selling at from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per volume, are sold in immense quantities. A little work called "Life Thoughts" has been sold in 40,000 copies; "Speaking to the Heart," in 20,000; "Thoughts of a Country Parson," in 16,000; "The New Life," in 15,000; "The Still Hour," in 20,000; "The Higher Christian Life," in 25,000; "The Power of Prayer," in 67,000; and other of Messrs. Strahan's publications in a still larger number of copies. The demand for books like these seems a rather notable feature in the modern history of literature.

Next to religious books, novels and other works of fiction have the widest sale; and the latter even stand first in extent of circulation as regards the productions of certain favorite authors, Messrs. Chapman and Hall sold more than 100,000 copies of Charles Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby," and the enormous number of 140,000 of his "Pickwick;" while works such as Mr. Trollope's "Orley Farm" have exceeded a demand of 7,000 copies. More popular still than the last-named author's novels, and closely approaching in circulation to Charles Dickens's works—considering the period past since the first issue—are the productions of the pen of Mr. Thomas Hughes, otherwise "Tom Brown." Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have sold of "Tom Brown's School Days" no less than 28,000 copies, and of the "Scouring of the White Horse," 7,000. Of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" the same publishers sold 9,000, and of Kingsley's "Two Years Ago" 7,000 copies. Messrs. Trübner and Co. disposed of 3,800 copies of Charles Reade's "Cloister and Hearth," of 3,000 of the old "Tyll Owlglass," modernized by "Crowquill," of 2,500 of "Reynard the Fox," with illustrations by Kaulbach; and



of 3,000 copies of the English edition of Lowell's "Bigelow Papers." Mr. Bentley sold 11,000 of Mrs. Wood's "East Lynne;" 52,000 of the "Ingoldsby Legends;" and 65,000 copies of Charles Reade's "Never too Late to Mend;" while Miss Braddon's "Lady Audley's Secret" was disposed of at the rate of 4,000 copies by Messrs. Tinsley Brothers. The effect of price upon the extent of circulation of works of this class is strikingly shown in the sale of Messrs. Longmans recent cheap edition, at 2s 6d., of Mrs. Sewell's "Tales and Stories," already issued in 68,000 volumes, and that of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," published at 4s. 6d., of which 46,000 copies have been sold.

The very large demand for standard works in history and biography is one of the healthiest signs of modern literature. Of Mr. Smiles's "Lives of the Engineers" Mr. Murray sold 6,000 copies of each of the first two volumes, and 4,000 copies of the third, which was published only about a month ago. Of the same author's "Life of George Stephenson," 5,000 copies were sold, and of the cheaper and abridged edition, called "The Story of the Life of George Stephenson," no less than 20,500 copies were required by the public. A still more extraordinary demand has been made for Mr. Smiles's series of biographical sketches called "Self Help," which were sold to the extent of more than 55,000 copies in this country alone, exclusive of a still larger American edition. Mr. Murray also sold 4,000 copies of Motley's "History of the United Netherlands;" 4,500 of the Rev. Mr. Bateman's "Life of Daniel Wilson, Bishop of Calcutta;" 2,000 of Mr. John Forster's "Arrest of the Five Members," and "Grand Remonstrance;" 3,000 of Earl Stanhope's "Life of William Pitt;" and 2,000 copies of Rawlinson's "History of Herodotus." Of Mr. Dicey's "Life of Cavour" Messrs. Macmillan and Co. sold 1,300 copies; and Herzen's "Mémoires de l'Impératrice Catharine" were disposed of by Messrs. Trübner and Co. to the extent of 4,500 copies. The list reaches its zenith in the sale of the works of the greatest of English historians. Of Macaulay's "History" Messrs. Longman and Co. sold the astounding number of 267,000 volumes. Here the proportionate sale of his-

tory is striking, though the volumes of Macaulay are reckoned separately.

School books and other educational works, as may be expected, are taken by the present generation in very large quantities. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. sold 30,000 copies of Smith's "School Arithmetic;" 8,000 of the same author's "Arithmetic and Algebra;" 13,000 of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury;" and 8,000 of Todhunter's "Algebra." Messrs. Chambers's educational works are in very great demand, the sale of these cheap and useful books rising to quite extraordinary figures. Of "Chambers's Information for the People" more than 140,000 copies have been sold in this country; and of the educational "Tracts" the gigantic number of 240,000. Previous to the American war, immense quantities of these "Tracts" were also despatched to our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic; on one occasion no less than 60,000 volumes having been sent to New York, to fulfil a single order. Not unfrequently, Messrs. Chambers sent as many as 100,000 volumes at a time to a certain American correspondent. The sale of Messrs. Longman's educational works is likewise very large. Messrs. Longman and Co. disposed of 6,000 copies of Contanseau's "French Dictionary;" 5,500 of Brande's "Dictionary of Science;" 3,000 of Müller's "Lectures on Language;" 11,000 of Roget's "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases;" 30,000 of Sir J. Herschel's "Outlines of Astronomy;" and 74,000 copies of Maundrell's "Treasury of Knowledge." The fact that the same publishers sold no less than 63,000 copies of Eliza Acton's "Modern Cookery for Private Families," is an event which must stand quite by itself, as a set-off against the often-heard slander that English housewives do not understand cooking.

The sale of a work, as is well known, does not always represent its circulation, and it may be interesting, therefore, to add to the above figures a few facts drawn from Mr. Mudie's great book-store, representing the largest circulating library in the world. Mr. Mudie is, at the present moment, the happy possessor of very nearly a million of books—a collection before which that of the famous Bodleian sinks into the shade, and that of the Vatican becomes dwarfish, as far as quantity is concerned. The relative im-

portance of the various classes of English literature shapes itself somewhat differently, as before given, from the point of view of the supporters of this great lending library. During the ten years ending December, 1862, Mr. Mudie added close upon 960,000 volumes to his library, nearly one-half of which were works of fiction. To this immense collection, history and biography contributed 215,743 volumes; travel and adventure, 125,381; fiction, 416,706; and miscellaneous books, including religious, scientific, political, and other works, 202,157 volumes. Of many popular works, in great demand at a particular time, from one to three thousand copies were taken by Mr. Mudie, the highest number being reached in Dr. Livingstone's *Travels*, of which 3,250 copies were added to the library. In the opinion of Mr. Mudie, every book finds, on an average, thirty readers—considerably more, in the majority of instances, as regards novels, and considerably less in the case of scientific and philosophical works. The most popular novels, according to the experience thus gathered, have been "Tom Brown's School Days," and "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" and next to them, "John Halifax," "Vanity Fair," "Adam Bede," "Two Years Ago," "The Woman in White," "The Caxtons," and "East Lynne"—in a descending scale, according to the order here given. Considering the large basis on which these statistics are founded, they are not without importance for measuring the circulation of modern English literature, and the literary taste of the age.

Modern French literature is infinitely behind that of England, in quality as well as quantity, though on the first look the latter appears not to be the case. While the *Bookseller* brings its monthly list of four hundred, the *Bibliographie de la France* announces, during the same time, its nine hundred or even thousand new works, all fresh from the press. During the period from January 1 to December 20, 1862, the number of books published in France, according to the *Bibliographie*, amounted to 11,484, which gives exactly 957 new works per month. This seems a most formidable quantity of fresh literature, but it dwindles down immensely on closer examination. The French law compels every author or publisher to register whatever appears in

print, and hence the merest trifles, fragments of a pamphlet, and parts of a flying sheet, are entered in the official list, and come to swell the contents of the French *Bibliographie*, far beyond the limits of the more modest as well as honest English *Bookseller*. In reality the France of our days produces not a third of the number of *bonâ fide* books in England; and the superiority of quality as well as quantity need not be insisted on in view of the well-known relation of imperialism to literature. The following facts, however—collected from the very best sources, and guaranteed as such—may give an idea of the circulation of modern French literature.

The "Mémoires" of Guizot have reached a sale of 9,000 copies; the works of Ernest Renan of 3,000, and the novel, a type of its class, called "Madame Bovary," a sale of 22,000 copies. The celebrated "Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre" has been sold in 35,000! "Le Cas de M. Guerin," and "Le Nez d'un Notaire," by Ed. About, in 12,000; and the notorious "Fanny," by Ernest Feydeau, in 35,000 copies. The other novels of the last named author have as yet not reached a sale higher than from 5,000 to 6,000; but the disreputable works of Paul de Kock have now an annual demand of from 2,500 to 3,000 copies. The "Histoire de Sybille," an ultramontane romance, by Octave Feuillet, reproduced from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has gone, since October last, through three editions of 2,000 each; and other works by the same author have had still greater success. The last novels of George Sand have had only a sale of from five to six thousand, showing a considerable falling off in popularity. "It is a notable feature of the literature of the day," writes our informant from Paris, "that really good novels, of the Hugo and Sand character, brought out by Lévy, Hetzel, and other first-rate publishers, have a comparatively limited sale. Even books are not liked the engravings of which are too fine and on too white, satin-like paper." The "Mémoires de Rigolboche," not sinning in this respect, have had a sale of above 50,000, though the price was high.

The French edition of Victor Hugo's "Misérables" consisted of 16,000 copies; while 40,000 were printed at Brussels, 3,000 copies of which went to Italy; 2,200 to

Russia; 1,700 to England, the same number to Germany; 800 to Spain; 700 to Holland, and 400 to North America. Of Thiers's "Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire" 50,000 copies were published; of Baron Bazancourt's official history of the Crimean campaign, 23,000, and of his history of the Italian campaign, 17,000 copies. The works of Alexander Dumas and Co. sell at the rate of about 6,000 per annum, besides the reproduction in a number of halfpenny papers; and the romances of Eugene Sue, including the "Juif Errant" and the "Mystères de Paris," continue to have a like annual demand. French school books, on the other hand, have a small sale compared with our own educational works. Of the celebrated "Dictionnaire de l'Académie" no more than from 500 to 600 copies are disposed of annually; and from 700 to 800 of Becherelle's "Dictionnaire National Français." As a set off against this, the pamphlet trade is very important, quantitatively speaking, single sheets often rising to a sale of sixty or seventy thousand copies. Of the notorious print, "Napoleon III. et l'Angleterre," 72,000 copies were sold in a few weeks.

There being no real political life in France, the periodical press of the country to a great extent has got into the novelistic and family-magazine condition, and leaders and reviews are swamped in the all-important *feuilleton*. Consequently, the circulation of the chief newspapers—of "leading" newspapers it is impossible to speak—belongs in many respects to the French book-world, and may serve to indicate the public

taste at the present time. At this moment, the *Siècle*, representative of the *épiciér* element, stands at the head of the daily press, with a circulation of 50,000; followed, at a good interval, by *La Patrie*, with 28,000; *L'Opinion Nationale*, with 21,000; *La Presse*, with 19,000; *Le Constitutionnel*, with 18,000; the *Journal des Débats*, with 12,000; *La France*, with 11,000; *Le Temps*, the incomparably best French newspaper of the day, with 7,000; and *Le Pays*, with 6,000 subscribers; The bi-weekly *Figaro* sells 5,000; the weekly *Illustration*, 27,000; the *Monde Illustré*, 22,000; and the penny illustrated paper, *Journal pour Tous*, 70,000 copies. The bi-monthly well-known *Revue des Deux Mondes* has an edition of 13,000; but the *Journal du Dimanche*, with Alexander Dumas & Co., and plenty of "Rigol-boche," an edition of 100,000 copies. The provincial journals of France have all a very small circulation; the largest two being the *Journal de Chartres*, with 7,800 subscribers; and the *Gironde* of Bordeaux, with 5,000. Centralization is evidently the order of the day in France, even in journalism—centralization crowned by Alexander Dumas the Great and "Rigol-boche."

To say a few words about the circulation of modern German literature might not be uninteresting, did not the limits of the *Spectator*, even with the largest of supplements, put in a decisive veto. In proof of this it will only be necessary to state that there were published within the last twelve months in Germany the overwhelming number of *fourteen thousand new books*.

**OLD HICKORY'S STATUE.**—Major-General Butler, among other patriotic acts of his while commanding in this department, ordered that the equestrian statue of Jackson, which ornaments Jackson Square, should be finished by placing on the pedestal the inscription originally intended by the committee to whom was entrusted the work of erecting this monument to the memory of the colossal patriot. The general found that the inscription intended for the monument—those memorable words of the Great President, "The Union must and shall be preserved"—had not been placed there, owing to the secession proclivities of those whose duty it was to have seen this important matter attended to, and therefore he ordered the omission to be supplied. And now the words which marked the devotion of

the Old Hero to the Union he loved and venerated have been cut so deeply into the granite pedestal that it will be hard to efface them; and there the motto stands as a rebuke, by the man who saved New Orleans from a foreign foe, to those who would now invite that same foe to wrest it from the glorious American Union.—*New Orleans Delta*.

"It's only once a-year," as the queen said to Dr. Locock.

"With all thy faults I love thee still," as the alderman said to the decayed Chester.

"Your goodness overpowers me," as the gentleman murmured to the champagne, when he couldn't rise from his chair.

From Chambers's Journal.

#### FIFTEEN YEARS AT THE GALLEYS.

WITH the exception of the very few Englishmen who have obtained the favor of admission to inspect the criminal establishments of France, and the still smaller number who, like myself, have been condemned to a compulsory residence therein, I cannot hope that any who read this will be capable of sympathizing with me in the sufferings I have undergone, since they cannot by any effort of the imagination conceive the horrors of a confinement in those pandemoniums.

I am of English birth and parentage, but my father dying when I was only eleven years of age, my mother was induced to accept the offer made to her by a French gentleman who had married a near relative, and had frequently stayed at our house during his visits to England, to take entire charge of me while I was completing my education. This gentleman, whose name was Evrart, had been on the stage, though he was known by another name there, and by his talents had realized what in Havre was considered a handsome independence. His first wife had been dead about four years when I went to live with him, but he had married again with a woman a little older than himself, who, I believe, had also been on the stage, and, I imagine, failed, for she never spoke of it herself; and the only reason I had for supposing this had been the case, was from something said by her husband when they were holding a discussion on some circumstance of the past. Her principal occupation was writing plays, which, so far as I know, were never acted, but which she used to read to me, as soon as I had acquired sufficient knowledge of the French language to understand them, at every opportunity. Having no children of her own, she adopted the poor little English boy enthusiastically, and was even fonder of me, and more kind to me, than mothers usually are to their children. As soon as I left the academy, I hastened home; and when we had dined we used, if it were the summer, to take a walk a little way into the country, sit down until I had learned my lessons for the next day, and then stroll along on the sea-shore, madame quoting from her own plays, or those of others, apropos of everything we saw. It would have been difficult

to have found a happier family than we were. M. Evrart was happy, because he was no longer called to account for staying out with his friends late at night, and the kindness and attention of his wife to his little requirements when he was at home at first seemed to surprise, and then to delight him. When I first went to reside with them, he rarely went out with his wife, except when we were going to parties, but after a time he regularly accompanied us in our walks, and the information I derived from him was as useful as the intimate knowledge of their language imparted to me by his wife's incessant quotations, and rather more interesting. I mention these things because it will enable the reader to judge how much my sufferings were aggravated by what subsequently happened.

My visits to England were not frequent, but this was not from any want of affection on my part for my family, but because, having no means beyond those I derived from my benefactors, I did not like to employ them in making journeys which always appeared distasteful to them. The climate and mode of living at Havre agreed with my constitution so well that I grew with great rapidity, and by the time I was sixteen years old, I was tall and as strong and muscular as most men. My principal amusement was boating, and very frequently in the summer and autumn have I seen the sun rising after my fishing-line had been dropped in the sea. The man who looked after my boat usually accompanied me, though it sometimes happened that I was unable to get any answer when I knocked at the window of the cottage where he lived; but supposing that he did not wish to get up, I did not give myself the trouble to wait for him, but went down to the shore, unlocked the padlock which attached my boat to the mooring-chain, and went to sea alone. I have since had reason to suppose that he was not always indoors when I knocked. It is necessary that I should here say something of this man, though the knowledge came to me too late to be of any service in averting a tragedy the recollection of which even now, notwithstanding the length of time that has since elapsed, compels me to lay down my pen for a time until my hand is steadier.

This man's name was Philippe Loret, and



he had been landed at Havre from an American vessel in a sad state of health, arising, so some said, from a severe beating he had received from his shipmates, but, as he himself said, from having fallen from the yard to the deck one dark, windy night. After he had recovered his health, he used to get his living on the beach in various ways; and a very precarious living it must have been in those days, for Havre was not then the busy port it is now, nor was it frequented by visitors to anything like the same extent. However, he lived somehow or other until he became the tenant of one of the prettiest cottages near the shore. He had no wife, but a woman kept his house, and to her, I suspect, was due the credit of surrounding it with abundance of flowers, and the neat and clean appearance of everything both within and without. For taking charge of my boat, and going out with me fishing when he had nothing better to do, I gave him seven francs a week, which M. Evrart thought quite enough; but Loret must sometimes have increased this sum considerably by the sale of the fish we caught, all of which I abandoned to him, except such as were required for our consumption at home, and an occasional present to friends or a harbor-official. He performed the duties I required of him well enough, and I was much too happy to feel annoyed at, or even hardly to notice, his usually sulky manner, and his excessive greediness.

When I was sixteen years old, I wrote to my mother to learn whether she had set her mind on my following any particular career; but she declined to interfere, and left the matter to be arranged between myself and the Evrarts. The habit I had acquired of spending several hours a day on the sea had given me a love for that element; and although the idea of a sea-faring life for me was not welcome to my kind friends, they offered no opposition beyond affectionately advising me to weigh well the dangers I should have to encounter. It is possible they may have thought that one voyage would be sufficient to cure my passion for the sea, if they did not awaken my self-love in support of my desire by opposing it. They only insisted on my going as agent or supercargo the first voyage, during which I might learn navigation, and anything else necessary to qualify me to command a ves-

sel, without going through the inferior grades; for it seemed to them perfectly ridiculous that a man such as I was in appearance, if not in age, should be forced to associate with boys and share their occupations.

It was not long before an opportunity offered itself of making a short voyage to Madeira, in company of the son of a shipowner, whom I knew pretty intimately, and it was arranged that I should go, and that we should spend a few weeks in the island. The time passed happily enough. We made numerous pedestrian excursions, and visited every place which strangers usually visit, and a good many beside.

On arriving off the Port of Havre, the wind, of which there was very little, was rather unfavorable to us, and we made but slow way; still we were advancing, when a large French vessel, which was coming out, ran into us, the top of her bowsprit striking our aftermast just in the middle, and breaking it short off. Luckily for us, the rate at which she was sailing was so slow, that, notwithstanding her much superior size, the shock caused her to recoil, and drove us out of her course, so that we escaped without any further damage, and in a little while we were continuing to move towards the harbor. I suppose the collision had been seen from the quay, for several boats put off to us, and among them my own, in which were Loret and another man, whom I had never seen before. The sea being rather rough, and not supposing it would make any difference in the point of time if I landed from the vessel, I did not attempt to enter the boat, but directed Philippe to go ashore and inform M. Evrart that I had returned, and would be at home in the course of a short time. I was, however, mistaken as to the time required for working up to the quay, in consequence of our disabled condition, and it was near midnight when I knocked at our door.

To my surprise there was no light visible at any of the windows; and when I had repeated my knock several times without receiving any answer, I became seriously uneasy, though I could not conceive that anything was the matter, because I had been told by Philippe that he had seen M. and Madame Evrart that day, and they were both quite well. At last I determined on trying to enter the house by another door. One



side of the garden was protected from the street by a wall about seven feet high, the top of which was covered with pieces of glass. I took off my coat, folded it, and laid it on the top to keep the glass from cutting me. In another instant I was in the garden, forgetting, in my anxiety, to remove my coat. I had no difficulty in finding the door, but it was fastened, and I knew the careful manner in which this was done too well not to know that any attempt to burst it open would be useless. I then looked about for a ladder to get up to the balcony which ran along madame's sitting-room, but could not find one; I, however, found a rake, and by hooking this into the rails, I drew myself up until I could reach it with my hands. The rest was easy enough. The window was open, and though the room was in darkness, I was too familiar with the arrangement of everything in it not to be able to walk straight to the table. Always nervous and excitable in matters where those I loved were concerned, those similarly constituted will be able to form some idea of the horror which seized me when my hands, which I held stretched out before me to protect me from coming in contact with any misplaced article of furniture, rested one on the face, the other on the back of the head of a corpse. I did not doubt for an instant that this was the body of my benefactress; in fact, I never thought of it at all, the conviction struck me like a flash of lightning, and I fell to the ground as instantaneously as if I had been shot. How long I remained so, of course I cannot know of my own knowledge, but it would seem to have been between two and three hours. As soon as I became a little conscious, I crawled towards the door, got on my feet, and staggered down-stairs to the street-door, which I quickly opened and ran to the next house and alarmed the inmates, who were a widower named Talbot, his son, and two daughters, young women. All these came rushing down to the street, supposing the house to be on fire, and heard the dreadful news. M. Talbot got a light and returned with me, and the first object which we saw on entering the house was the body of M. Evrart, lying with the head in a pool of blood. Under any circumstances, the sight of a dead body is a painful spectacle, but how much more painful when it is the body of one we love, and from which life has been driven forth by

violence. There was by this time no lack of assistance, and the body was carefully raised and carried into the dining-room, and laid on the table. Inquiry was now made for Madame Evrart, and I told them that she, too, was murdered, and that we should find her body in her sitting-room.

It is not necessary that I should describe the details of what followed, nor attempt to describe my own feelings. I sent a message to the authorities, informing them of what had happened, and then threw myself on my bed, and gave free vent to my grief. Will it be believed that, in spite of my suffering, I fell sound asleep?

When I awoke I found it was broad daylight, and the commissary of police and three of his agents in the room. He asked me to give an account of the matter, which I did as I have described it above. He then left me to indulge my grief alone, and I remained undisturbed during the entire day. It was not until evening that it struck me as strange that nobody had called to express their sympathy with me in my affliction, but then a circumstance occurred which explained it. The door was opened, and the commissary and a party of gens d'armes entered. The former desired me to dress myself and go with them, for that he had been ordered to take me into custody. I doubted at first whether I could have understood rightly what he said, but I was soon made to comprehend. Of course, I felt very acutely the humiliation of being the subject of such a charge, but my grief for the loss of those I had loved so dearly prevented me from feeling it so much as I should otherwise have done. Even when in prison, I felt scarcely any uneasiness as to the result of my trial; it appeared to me so absurd to imagine that anybody could for an instant believe me guilty. Many friends visited me in prison, and these all encouraged the view I took of my situation. Among them was a lawyer named Langenis, in whose office it had been proposed that I should study the law, in the event of my not persisting in going to sea. He undertook the management of my case, and I thought, from the questions he put to me in preparing the brief for my defence, that he doubted my innocence. I tried to induce him to acknowledge this, but he would not. Had he done so, I would have declined his services, and have preferred to

take my trial undefended, which, after all, might have turned out the wiser course.

When the day arrived for my trial, the court was crowded with my friends, those near enough stretching out their hands to shake mine. I felt comforted by this public manifestation of their belief in my innocence to a degree which only those who have lain for weeks under an accusation, however false, can fully appreciate; and I prepared with calmness, and something like curiosity, to hear how the authorities could have made a case out against me sufficient to justify them in arresting me.

I knew the president of the court well, as indeed I did all the principal officials, and I felt a vague apprehension of something I hardly knew what, when I saw the grave expression of their countenances as they looked at me. The jury having taken their seats, and the usual formalities having been gone through, the prosecutor proceeded to read the *acte d'accusation*, which contained a full statement of the case against me; and I was utterly astounded at finding with what infernal art the most trivial circumstances were woven together into a web, which I felt that I could only hope to escape from by the jury refusing to convict me of such a monstrous crime. The following is substantially the case against me as stated for the crown, and it will show how circumstances may be combined to prove an innocent man guilty on apparently the clearest evidence:—

It set forth that, on the night of the murders, I had left the ship *Austerlitz* from Madeira, between eleven and twelve o'clock; that I had been accompanied to within a few yards of my domicile by Louis d'Egville, who there left me, and went to his own home, where he was proved to have arrived before midnight; that from that time until three o'clock the following morning nothing was seen or heard of me; but at that hour I woke the Talbot family to tell them of what had happened; that the commissary of police had found me asleep when he arrived at the scene of the crime, as if nothing had happened; and that he had found my clothes saturated with blood in several places, lying on a chair beside the bed; that I had effected an entrance into the house in a surreptitious manner, was proved by my coat having been found on the top of the wall; that I had then silently drawn myself up to the balcony, which

none but a man possessing great muscular strength, such as I was known to possess, could have accomplished; and that I had then with a mallet, which was proved, by the evidence of the servants, to have always been kept in a toolhouse in the garden, struck Madame Evrart on the back of the head, as she sat at her writing-table, and beaten in her skull, and all this so suddenly that she had not had time to cry out, and had even retained her position in her chair, where she was found seated, with her face resting on her hands, which lay on the table before her. Then I had descended to the lower rooms with the bloody instrument in my hand, and had killed M. Evrart as he was endeavoring to make his escape by the street-door, in the same way as I had already killed his wife, by striking him on the head with the mallet and fracturing the skull, leaving the weapon with which I had committed the murders lying on the floor beside him. As regarded the interval which had elapsed between my entering the house and giving the alarm, God and myself alone could tell how I had employed it; but it was to be presumed that I had spent it in furtherance of the objects which had induced me to commit the crimes with which I stood charged. There was no evidence on that point, because the servants, who were two sisters, had obtained leave from their mistress on the morning of the murder to go to a village a few miles distant to attend their mother's funeral, and did not return until the following day.

Such in substance was the statement of the crown-prosecutor, made without invective, and without appearance of bias against me. At its close, I noticed several of my friends glanced at me doubtfully, as if their faith in my innocence had been shaken, and I began then to realize the dangers of my position.

As soon as the few witnesses had been examined to prove the facts stated, my counsel rose to address the court on my behalf. He gave my version of the affair, dwelt on the absurdity of even supposing that I, their adopted son, with whom they had never had a dispute, could have been guilty of the horrid crime of murdering them. He insisted strongly on the utter absence of any motive I could have had, and concluded by denouncing in severe terms the harsh conduct of the authorities in seizing and imprisoning me.

upon no other evidence than appearances, which I had so satisfactorily explained.

The sympathy of those present in my behalf was plainly shown by the attention with which every word uttered by him was listened to. There was not a sound to be heard beside his voice, and if he had stopped when he had finished stating my case instead of attacking the authorities, it is possible that the jury might have been called upon for their decision at once, and have given a verdict in my favor: but, unfortunately, political feeling was strong in France in those days, and Langenis was too ardent a partisan of the opposition, and too weak-minded to forego the opportunity of displaying his talent in oratorical invective. Whether this was really the cause, I know not; but while he was yet speaking, I noticed the official whose duty it was to conduct the prosecution, give a slip of paper to one of the officers of the court, who, upon my counsel resuming his seat, proceeded to read from it a list of names. Most of the persons named were in court, and when interrogated by the president as to whether they had ever heard M. Evrart express dissatisfaction with my conduct, they admitted that they had not, until recently; but that on several occasions during my absence, he had expressed himself very strongly on the subject of my desire for a sea-faring life, and his determination to oppose my wishes with all his power, for that his wife had done nothing but cry ever since I had gone away, and had made his home miserable. Two other witnesses proved that I was aware that both the murdered man and his wife had made a will bequeathing me the whole of the property of each on their deaths; and one or two others were called to prove that I had admitted that the street-door was fastened; and the police-agents to show that there was no trace either in the shape of broken glass or feet-marks of any persons having escaped by the back-door; though, in answer to a question from my counsel, they acknowledged that persons might have passed along the gravel-path to a little door in the wall, and have let themselves out that way, but they had found this door locked, and the key lying on the floor in Madame Evrart's sitting-room.

The effect of Langenis's attack on the authorities was only too apparent in the summing up of the judge. Justice was not done

me on the score of my irreproachable antecedents, and my youth was urged rather as an aggravation of my crime.

When the jury had retired, I buried my face in my handkerchief, and nearly choked myself in my efforts to prevent my sobs from being heard, for I was wounded to the heart by hearing myself spoken of as an assassin. How long the jury seemed absent! At last there was a hush, for an officer of the court appeared conducting the jury. Can anybody conceive the intense dread with which I waited for their verdict? It was *guilty*, with extenuating circumstances based on my youth.

I believe the presiding judge stretched a point in my favor, when he only sentenced me to twenty years of *Travaux forcés*; but for any difference it made to me at the time, he might have sentenced me, as the jailer tried to comfort me by telling me he might have done, *à perpétuité*.

My first place of confinement was the jail-infirmary, where I had plenty of time to grieve over the injustice that had been done me, and to mourn over the loss of my kind friends and the suffering of my poor mother.

The appeal against the decision made on my behalf by my counsel was rejected; and my next move was to the galleys. Now began my experience of what was implied in the sentence of *travaux forcés*. I had thought of hard labor with indifference, if not with a certain degree of satisfaction, for muscular exertion was a necessity for me, and a relief from incessant thought; but I was not prepared for association with the awful companions which that sentence involved, nor for the ruffianly and brutal treatment which I received from the officials. The convicts were divided into gangs of ten, and when the labors of the day were over, we were driven into a cell, where our rations of coarse rye-bread—a great portion of which might have been sawdust, as it was commonly said to be, for aught that appeared to the contrary—had been placed ready for us. The guard of soldiers, with muskets loaded and bayonets fixed, were drawn up just inside the door while the jailer poured out the soup into the tin mug allotted to each prisoner; and when he had finished this, the door was locked and secured, and the felons in the cell were left to their own devices until a certain hour the following morning, varying

according to the time of year. Great God! what horrors were perpetrated during those hours of darkness. Their conversation was of the crimes they had committed, and so far from trying to soften them in the telling, they heightened them, as I believe, for the purpose of producing a greater sensation. Their language chilled my very blood at first; but, after a time, it affected me no more than a tale fifty times told. The gang in which I was first placed consisted of a man who had murdered his father; another, who had stabbed a friend in a wine-shop; a Corsican, who had assassinated a girl through jealousy; three noted bad characters, convicted of robberies with violence; a vile old ruffian, who boasted that on the very day he had been liberated from prison, he had cut the throat of a young girl; the younger of two brothers, who had been convicted of drowning their blind sister to save the expense of her maintenance; a man who was said to have murdered nine persons, including a jailer, but who never spoke a single word in my hearing during the three years that he remained in the same cell; and myself.

I escaped personal molestation for the first two or three nights by feigning illness. The fetters which bound every two or three of us together during the day were unlocked as we entered our cell, and each was left detached until the following morning, so that I was able to lie down on the bench which served as a bed, turn my head to the wall, and pretend to be asleep. It was summer at this time, and a certain amount of light was admitted into the cell through two small grated openings in the wall for about two hours after we were turned into the den. As soon as my associates had finished their soup, they began to gamble in a way peculiar to themselves for portions of the bread they had reserved for this purpose. When it became too dark to continue this, they drew together, and began to talk. Much of their language being *argot*, I did not understand all that was said, but I was too intimately acquainted with the French spoken by all classes not to be able to follow the different speakers; and but for the horrible blasphemies they uttered at almost every instant, I believe I should have felt interested in some of the tales they told of their past life. As it was, I shuddered, and

dreaded the arrival of the moment when it might please one of the more sensitive of the ruffians to regard my keeping aloof from them as an evidence of pride. The time was not long in coming; but I had had time to learn from their conversation so much of their antecedents as enabled me to form some idea of their individual characters, and to decide on the course of action I should take when the occasion came.

From the first day I entered the *bagne*, either by accident, or more likely from wanton brutality on the part of the jailers, I had been fastened to the old ruffian who had murdered the girl. Though talking was forbidden while at work, it was impossible to prevent those chained together from speaking to each other in a low voice, and my chain-mate, as he was called, had frequently spoken to me, while I had steadily abstained from replying.

One night, after supper had been finished, this fellow stood forward and made a kind of oration, stating his griefs against me. He charged me with being too proud to associate with my brethren in captivity, and so forth, and finished by calling upon me for explanations and apologies. I made no answer, but waited as resolutely as I could for what would follow. They formed themselves into a mock court, the president of which called upon me for my defence; and desired me to state the circumstance to which they were indebted for the honor of my presence among them. At first, I thought of remaining silent, but a moment's reflection convinced me that it would be better once for all to take up a position and adhere to it. I therefore, in as few words as possible, replied that I was in there because I had been convicted of having killed my father and mother; that as we had all an equal right to do what we pleased while we were in the cell, I claimed the right for myself of remaining silent, or of speaking, whichever I pleased.

After some conversation amongst themselves, the pretended judge pronounced sentence.

It does not matter what this sentence was, but I was determined to resist its infliction to the last gasp. Already there was a movement towards me on the part of five or six of the band, the fellow who had acted as president keeping his seat on the bench.



He was the man who had murdered his father, and exercised a good deal of influence over the rest on the ground of his being the senior occupant of the cell, and by far the most powerful among them in physical strength. I made a rush at him before the others were aware of my intention, and he had just time to rise to his feet and put up his hands before falling to the ground, his head striking it with such force as to be distinctly heard, although the floor was nothing but an earthen one. I thought this would intimidate the others, but it did not, for making a rush at me altogether, I was so wedged in, that I had not room to use my arms. I felt that my time had come, and that further resistance would be of no use; still this did not prevent me from continuing to resist with all my might; at last, one of the brutes got hold of the upper part of my right arm with his teeth, and held it so firmly that I could not get it away from him. Three or four hands were pressing on my throat, when there was a report of a gun in the cell, something liquid spirted into my face, which caused me to close my eyes, and when I opened them again, my assailants had dispersed to their respective benches, all except one man, who lay at my feet, with the blood pouring from his broken forehead, and *Le Muet*, who had not joined in the attack upon me, and was now standing by the cell-door.

It was evident that the gun had been fired by one of the guard at random, to put an end to the disturbance; but nobody entered the cell to see if any of us had been hurt, so that I could make no appeal to the jailer to be removed to another place. All that night I sat on my bench with my back against the wall, prepared to defend myself in the event of another attack being made upon me. I dared not go to sleep, and yet I more than once found myself growing so drowsy that it required my utmost efforts to prevent my doing so. I tried to distinguish the figure of the dead man, thinking that the horror inspired would keep me wakeful; but it is astonishing how little of that feeling is awakened by the contemplation of the corpse of one who has been killed in an attack on our own proper person. However, the weary night came to an end at last. At the usual hour every one rolled from his bench, except the individual who

had officiated as judge the night before, and the corpse of him who had been shot, which lay just as it had fallen. I watched their movements narrowly, but they seemed to take very little notice of me. When the turnkey threw open the door, I stood back until the last, for fear of what might happen to me if I were mixed up with the rest. Just before me was *Le Muet*, but the jailer put his hand on his shoulder as he was passing out, and pushed him roughly back, pointing at the corpse, and telling him to pick it up, and ordered me to go on with the rest.

Once in the course of the day I had an opportunity of speaking to an official of some importance, and tried to explain what had taken place, and my fears that the attack upon me would be renewed; but he ordered me, in a brutal tone, to be silent; that I had nothing more to fear, and that I was too worthy of the company I was in to be removed elsewhere. My blood boiled at this treatment, for I had not yet realized that, however innocent I might know myself to be, to others I must appear as the murderer of two persons who had shown me nothing but kindness. I replied in a way which so enraged this functionary that, after heaping upon me a volley of curses, he ordered me to be taken where I certainly should not have cause to complain of being molested. The idea which suggested itself to his mind as he gave this order seemed to mollify him, for he laughed and walked away. That night, instead of being marched back to the same cell with the rest of the gang, I was shut up alone in a dungeon where there was no light whatever, so that I passed at once from daylight to total darkness. Everything I touched was wet, and the stench was so strong that I gasped for breath for some time after the door was shut. Tired with the hard day's work I had undergone, I groped my way round the dungeon in search of a place to lie upon, like that to which I had been accustomed for the last few nights, but could feel nothing but the slimy stones going straight to the ground. There being no choice in the matter except standing, I lay down on the filthy floor, and had fallen sound asleep, when I was disturbed by a light shining full on my face. I heard a voice ejaculate: '*Pauvre jeune homme!*' I looked at the man who



held the lantern without speaking, and he was equally silent, but pointed to the ground beside me. I turned over, and found that he had brought me the usual piece of bread, but no soup, only water, which I liked just as well. He did not wait while I ate it, but having called my attention to it, he took the light away, and left me to do that in the dark. The next day I was restored to the cell in which I had been first placed, my chain-companion being now Le Muet. So far this was an absolute improvement in my condition, for under the circumstances, there was nothing I desired more than to be spared the conversation of a brutal companion. Not the slightest inquiry was ever made, so far as I know, as to the disturbance of the previous night; whether, which is very probable, we were regarded as such a set of brutal ruffians that it mattered little how one of us finished his career, and that the jailers had means of overhearing what passed in the cells without entering them, which I think they must have had, for I could never discover the opening through which the gun had been fired; or whether, as I have sometimes thought since, the *mute* earned a mitigation of his sentence by acting as a spy, I cannot say, but no allusion was ever made to the death of the one who was shot, or the ultimate fate of the fellow who had officiated as president, who disappeared from the cell the same day with the corpse.

I fully expected that I should be the object of another and more systematic attack, but this was not to be; and as to any single-handed onset, I had nothing to fear on that score, seeing that they had no weapons. Jeers and insults I of course had to encounter, but these I never noticed so long as they were confined to words, and when they went beyond this I had recourse to remedies which were the only effectual ones in dealing with wretches of their species.

For three years I worked on in silence almost as profound as that of the man who was chained to me, the only speech I held being at rare intervals with the directors of the works on which we were employed. At the end of that time my companion disappeared, but whether he was liberated or sent abroad, I never heard. Strange as it may seem, notwithstanding the crimes of

which he had been guilty, I had become so accustomed to his presence, that I felt sorry when he was sent away. Perhaps, too, the fear that the individual who would take his place would be less easy to control, might have some share in inspiring this feeling. For some days I was left alone, and I began to hope that this might be continued as some compensation for my irreproachable conduct, for my reflections while in that horrible hole I have described had led me to perceive how useless would be any attempt at resistance, and that I ought to bear in mind the point of view from which the official mind must regard me. This, though it enabled me to control my temper and not lay myself open to punishment for insubordination, did not prevent me from suffering terribly when I was subjected to the brutal insolence of the officials; and this was not unfrequently the case, for they were so accustomed to treat those under their authority with such peremptory savageness, that they made no distinction between those who did their work cheerfully, and those who did it with dogged reluctance. My hope that I might be left alone was soon upset. One morning, a man but little older than myself, but more heavily ironed, was linked to me. We examined each other's faces attentively. He had a hard and equivocal, though not absolutely bad expression of countenance, and I could not help feeling a kind of interest in learning his antecedents. The predominant expression of his countenance, however, as he looked at me, was perplexity. He did not attempt that day to disobey the rule which forbade talking, but he made up for his silence when we were shut up in our cell for the night. He answered all questions readily, and it was soon known that he had got on extra fetters, because he had once succeeded in making his escape from the prison in which he had been confined before being sent here. The particular offence for which he had been sent here was that of nearly killing a game-keeper; but, according to his own shewing, that was not worse than some other offences of which he had been guilty: on the whole, however, he might have been worse.

I hate croaking, and feel a certain contempt for a man who utters fruitless complaints; so I will say very little more of my

sufferings, and come as rapidly as I can to the period when I became once more a free man.

My length of service did not bring with it any alleviation of my condition. My health did not suffer much, however, in consequence, I suppose, of my being almost always in the open air, and engaged in hard manual labor; but, in spite of my utmost efforts, I could not prevent my mind from frequently dwelling on the different career I might have been pursuing had I followed my friends' wishes, and never undertaken that fatal voyage.

I had been a prisoner for fifteen years, when one Saturday afternoon, as we were sweeping up the yards previous to leaving off work for the day, I was a little startled by the hasty way in which the turnkey came up to me and unlocked the fetter on my wrist. When he had done this, a man who had accompanied him, and whom I had scarcely noticed, came close to me and offered me his hand. I looked intently at him, but though my memory of faces is remarkably good, it was some time before I could trace in the changed face before me the likeness of my friend and counsel, Langenis. We shook hands, with feelings on my side which I did not attempt to analyze. I saw in his changed appearance my youth already gone. The recollection of the dreams of happiness I had once formed, which his presence revived only to prove how helpless now was their fulfilment, gave me such acute anguish, that for the moment I should have felt grateful if death had smitten me where I stood. My philosophy (by which I mean something that appears to me too sacred to be mentioned in speaking of matters of common life) restored my self-command. It had never occurred to me that his visit could have any other motive than a desire to take advantage of his presence in the town to inquire whether I were alive or dead; but when the turnkey presented the governor's compliments, and requested that I would step up to his apartments, it struck me instantly that my innocence had been at last discovered; for though my good conduct might have procured for me a remission of part of my sentence, that remission would not have procured for me a message from the governor couched in such terms. Try all I could, I

found it difficult to walk firmly. The feelings of anger at the injustice of which I had been the victim, the thought of the happiness I had been so unjustly deprived of, and the humiliations and moral tortures to which for fifteen years I had been subjected, all of which I had labored so resolutely to crush out of my memory, overwhelmed me like a flood. A deadly faintness came over me, and had I not caught hold of Langenis's arm, I should have fallen to the ground. There were several gangs of convicts assembled in front of the governor's house, and among them that of which I formed part. The governor himself stood there with several of the higher officials, and came forward to meet me, and shook me heartily by the hand, congratulated me on my innocence being at last discovered, and regretted that I had been made to suffer so much undeservedly. He then called the locksmith to remove the fetters from my legs. The latter was about to unlock them, but the other exclaimed passionately: "Break them! break them! The irons of an innocent man should be broken, and not opened like those of a pardoned thief!"

When this had been done, the governor took me by the arm and led me into his house, followed by several other persons. I was very warmly congratulated by the ladies present, and, indeed, by everybody whom I came near; but we soon retired into the governor's private office that I might receive an account of the manner in which my innocence had been discovered, and which will not take long to relate. I copy it from the statement given me by Langenis.

"The Père Phillippart having prepared the mind of Agnes Desnoyers for the announcement that her illness must inevitably end fatally, exhorted her to make full confession of her sins, that she might receive absolution before departing from the world. For some time she steadily refused, and obstacles were thrown in the way of the good father having access to her by Philippe Loret, who scarcely ever left her. Very early one morning Père Phillippart was returning from the death-bed of one of his congregation, and in doing so he passed Loret's cottage. There was a light in the sick woman's room, and it occurred to him that she might be in her last agonies; he therefore tried

the door, and found that it was not fastened, and entering, he walked up-stairs. She was quite sensible, and knew him directly, and asked him eagerly if he thought she could live many hours longer. There was a great change for the worse in her appearance since he last saw her, so he told her he thought not. She then begged him very earnestly to receive her confession at once, before Loret's return. This he did; but there was one portion of it having reference to the murder of M. and Madame Evrart, which he told her ought to be put in writing and signed by her, inasmuch as the proof of the innocence of an individual wrongly convicted depended upon it. To this, after much persuasion, she consented. The following is the statement written by the priest at her dictation, and signed by her:—

“On the morning of the day on which M. and Madame Evrart were murdered, Madame Evrart called here [at the cottage], and told me that she had given both her servants leave to go home to attend their mother's funeral, and asked me if I would come up to her house and dress the dinner. I promised I would, and as soon as Philippe Loret came in I told him where I was going. He made no objection, and I went. Madame let me in, and I found everything in the house required for the dinner, so that I had no occasion to go out during the day. They dined at five o'clock, and afterwards madame went up-stairs to her room. Monsieur was not well, and did not go out; and when I took up coffee, which was at about eight o'clock, he was playing at chess with madame in her room. It was soon after this I heard Philippe calling me, and I went to the window to see what he wanted. He told me he had a message for M. Evrart, but that he wanted to speak to me first, and that I must open the door quietly and let him in. Madame, who seemed very nervous, had ordered me to fasten the street-door very carefully; so after I had let him in, and a young man who was with him, I put up all the fastenings again, and they followed me into the kitchen. Philippe asked me several questions about where M. and Madame Evrart were, and, not thinking any harm, I told him. In a little while, I heard monsieur come down-stairs, and we saw him go towards the bottom of the garden. It was getting dark then, but we could see that he was smoking. In a minute or two he came in-doors. Philippe took a hammer out of his pocket, but the other man said something to him, and he put it back, and picked up a mallet which lay on the floor. Then they

both took off their shoes, and I got frightened; but I did not know what they were going to do. There was a short passage between the kitchen and the hall, and I followed them to see what would happen. M. Evrart was standing with his back to the passage, looking at the street-door. Philippe crept close to him, and struck him on the back of the head with the mallet, and he fell on his face on the floor; then he struck him again several times on the head, and left the mallet beside him, and went up-stairs. I followed him, for I was afraid to remain alone near the dead body. When we went into madame's room, she was sitting in her chair, her hands on the table, and her face resting on her hands as if she were asleep; only I could see she was dead, because the blood was running from her hair in little streams on to the floor. It was not Philippe who killed her, for she was dead before he went into the room, but the man who came with him, and whom we found searching in a desk which stood on the table. I begged Philippe to let me out of the house, but he refused, and forced me to help them to search the drawers and other places, where it was likely that valuable things might be kept. They opened these places if they happened to be locked with the bunch of keys I had often seen hanging from madame's waist, and when they had finished, I was made to put the things they had thrown on the floor back carefully, as if they had not been disturbed. I dare say it was a little after ten o'clock when we went into the garden to leave the place. Philippe pulled the house-door to, which fastened itself, then opened the little door in the wall, and he and the other man stood behind it, while I looked out to see if anybody was in the street. There was nobody to be seen, and Philippe told the other man to go on before to his house; then he shut the door and locked it, and threw the key towards the open window of Madame Evrart's room.

“We went straight along the road until we came to the footpath leading across the fields to our cottage, so that we got home without meeting anybody. I fell down two or three times going along, for I was crying, so that I could not see. When we got home, we found the man who had murdered madame waiting for us. Philippe told me to make haste and get the supper ready, while he and André went to see if the boat was lying-off. He came back in about an hour alone, and said that André was watching, and would most likely go on board after he had helped to land the cargo in the cave. I saw there was blood on his blouse and on his hands, and splashes of it on his face. I began to cry again, and he took off his blouse

and put it in the fire, and washed his hands and face. He was very kind to me, and kissed me very much. I went to bed, but he did not, as he said the *Volage's* boat would come in with the tide. I never saw André afterwards, but if you search the ground under the dung-heap, behind the arbor, you will find his body.

"For more than three months from this night I never went outside our garden, for fear somebody might speak to me about the murder; and it was nearly two years afterwards before I heard that young M. Charles had been sent to the galleys for murdering his father and mother. I told Philippe when I got home what I had heard, and it was then he told me that he and André had quarrelled about the money and had fought; that André had tried to stab him, and he had killed him in the scuffle, and buried him behind the arbor.

"I liked M. Charles very much—he was so young and gay, and used to speak to me so kindly, and often brought me pastry and fruit when he came to give orders about his boat; but I loved Philippe like my own soul, and I could not betray him to death, and he knew it, and has always been as kind to me as any man could be; but now that I am about to appear before the great God I must speak, and I have told the whole truth.

(Signed) "AGNES DESNOYERS."

"The Père Phillippart was still praying beside the dying woman when Loret entered the room. The ink was still on the table, and he seemed to comprehend at a glance what had occurred. He came to the bedside and looked steadily at the woman. The poor creature put her hand towards him and murmured in a low tone: "I am dying, my Philippe." After a moment's hesitation, he knelt down by the bedside, and took the hand in his which she offered him, kissed it, and held it for some minutes. Then he laid it on the bed, rose and kissed her repeatedly on the face, and quietly left the room. All this time the priest continued to pray, and when at last he spoke to the woman and receiving no answer, laid his hand on her forehead, he found that only the earthly shell remained—the immortal part had entered upon a new phase of existence. He gently drew down the eyelids, and was about to leave the room, when he found that the door was fastened, and all his strength was insufficient to force it open. He went to the window, but this was too narrow for him to get through, even if it had not been too high for a man

of his age to drop from; and here he remained waiting for somebody to pass to whom he might appeal for assistance. The cottage being beside the sea, and removed a considerable distance from any other, it was not much a matter of surprise to him that hour after hour passed by without his seeing any body. The opportunity came at last, however; but it was near sunset before he was able to lay the confession before the authorities, so that very little could be done in searching for Loret that night. At the first glimpse of daylight the following morning, the principal authority of the town, myself [Langenis], and a body of gens d'armes entered Loret's cottage. We found a woman there whom the priest had sent up the preceding night, but she had seen nothing of the man of whom we were in search. The whole day was spent in looking for him without success, and hitherto he has escaped apprehension. The heap of refuse behind the arbor was removed, and the ground dug up, and about a metre below the surface we found the skeleton of a man, to which still adhered fragments of clothes. In the course of the search we discovered a passage running down into the ground for some distance. It was very steep, and brought us out at last to a small platform, the front of which was planted with shrubs. This platform was on a kind of promontory, up to which the tide flowed to a considerable depth at high-water. One of the gens d'armes suggested the use to which this passage was put, and a further search was made with the object of discovering whether there was or not a storehouse for smuggled goods, which was successful. Behind some growing shrubs an opening was discovered which admitted us into a cave of no great size, and almost filled with contraband articles, chiefly tobacco. We expected to find Loret here, but were disappointed; and we are now pretty certain that he took advantage of the priest's imprisonment to get on board the smuggler, the crew of which he in all probability persuaded that their hiding-place had been discovered, and and he has thus made his escape.

"A statement of the whole case was drawn up," added Langenis, "and sent with the confession of Agnes Desnoyers to the home minister, and in the shortest possible time an order was transmitted for your release in the manner which should most clearly prove



the recognition by the government of your innocence; and also that as much of the property which had been left by M. and Madame Evrart as could be recovered, should be restored to you with the least possible delay."

The governor invited me to dine with him, and to stay in his house a few days; but I had such an intense desire to find myself free, in the open fields, that I refused to remain an instant longer than was necessary to get decent clothes to cover me, from a shop in the town. When I had put on the clothes which the tailor brought me, I went to the glass, and I am almost ashamed to acknowledge that I trembled and hesitated before regarding myself therein. At last I had the courage to do it, and what did I see? Instead of the clear, brilliant complexion and rosy cheeks I had seen when I last saw myself in a glass, I was looking at a gray-haired man, with a pale face, covered

with innumerable little wrinkles. My heart swelled, but I turned for consolation where in my long imprisonment I had been accustomed to seek it, and found it.

I accepted from Langenis a sum of money on account of what was due to me, shook hands with him and the governor and, amidst audible expressions of sympathy from all present, with brimming eyes and a sad heart, I stepped into the street, free to go where I pleased. I walked straight along till I reached the open country, where I sat down under a tree growing beside a brook, and with a piece of bread I broke from a loaf I had bought coming along, and the water flowing below me, I made a meal which tasted sweeter than any I had eaten in my life before. I spent the night in thought beneath that tree, looking with wonder and admiration at the stars which had been hidden from my view for so many weary years.

**DEATH OF PROFESSOR RENWICK.**—Professor James Renwick, LL.D., died at his residence in this city, on 12 Jan. He was born in 1785, was graduated at Columbia College, in this city, in 1807, and in 1820 was elected professor of chemistry and physics in that institution. This post he held till 1854.

In 1838 Professor Renwick was appointed by the Government one of the Commissioners for the exploration of the north-eastern boundary between the United States and New Brunswick, an exploration which led to the Ashburton treaty in 1842. He wrote the biographies of Robert Fulton, David Rittenhouse, and Count Rumford, in Sparks's American Biography; and was the author also of a "Memoir of Dewitt Clinton," published in 1834; of a "Treatise on the Steam Engine;" and a "Treatise on the Practical Application of the Principles of Mechanics." (1840.)

His "Outlines of Natural Philosophy," published in two volumes, in 1832, was the earliest extended work on that subject printed in the United States. He was author also of "Outlines of Geology," and of text-books on Chemistry and Philosophy, for the use of schools.

Mrs. Renwick, the mother of the professor, is mentioned in the "Life and Letters of Washington Irving" as "the lady whose name will be held in honor as the heroine of 'The Blue-Eyed Lassie'" of Burns. She was the daughter of the Rev. Andrew Jeffrey, of Lochmaben, Scotland, and passed the greater part of her life in New York, where her house was a cherished resort of Mr. Irving.

Mr. Renwick had, according to Mr. Pierre Irving, often met Burns at her father's fireside, and beside the "Blue-Eyed Lassie," he made her the subject of another song, "When first I saw my Jennie's Face," not published in the poet's works, the concluding stanza of which runs thus:—

"But gang she East, or gang she West,  
'Twixt Frith and Tweed all over,  
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,  
She'll always find a lover."

Professor Renwick was one of the contributors to the first *New York Review*, conducted by Messrs. Anderson, Bryant, and Sands, and the *Whig Review*, and one of the earliest members of the Century Club.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

**ADVICES** from Lyons state that the sale of raw silk is difficult there. The merchants of that city, taking into consideration the great increase in the quantity of foreign silk imported into France, have decided on building store-houses for its reception. Japan produces three thousand bales of silk, being more than the produce of France and Italy. The East produces three hundred thousand bales. The greater part of these silks arrive in London by the Cape of Good Hope, but it is expected that when the canal across the Isthmus of Suez is completed, silk from the East will first arrive in France.



From The London Daily News, 2 Jan.

# VOICES OF BRITISH WORKING MEN.

It does not properly belong to any one or two classes of the community to maintain the honor and character of the British nation in the eyes of the world. But there is no class which may not aspire to do so when others make default. This duty the working classes of our great towns are now performing in a particular direction, to the advantage of the entire country. To them has fallen, as it has fallen to no other class, the task of asserting, in respect of this American struggle, England's old attachment to the principles of freedom, and its undying hatred to oppression in every form. So our governing classes have willed it, and so it is. It was for them to judge whether they could sincerely hold the ancient language of Englishmen and to take their part. They have accounted themselves unworthy to do so; but the work is not the less done.

Two years ago, when the hearts of men were but little tried, the charity which believeth all things would have said unhesitatingly that the heart of the country was as sound as ever on the subject of slavery. Now, whatever we might wish to think, we are not permitted to believe so. One by one the reserves and disguises of decency have been thrown off. At first sympathy with the Slave Oligarchy was like "the tawny lion, pawing to set free his hinder parts;" now the beast has "broke from bounds, and, rampant, shakes his brinded mane." The courage and fortitude with which the slaveholding caste has upheld the grandest iniquity of the modern world could never have dazzled men whose principles had not been undermined and sentiments corrupted previously. The brutal mob may admire the pirate who "dies game," but we are not fascinated by material virtues displayed in defence of causes which we detest as morally bad. At first the admirers of the South thought it politic to declare their conviction that the triumph of their friends would prove the death of slavery. We forget whether it was two or three days afterwards that this declaration was formally withdrawn. Since then a vague and general repudiation of slavery, accompanied with unbounded eulogy of slaveholders and energetic vituperation of Abolitionists has been held to satisfy the requirements of opinion. Even this for-

mality is now laid aside as unnecessary or useless, and the latest profession which our betters deign to gasp out as their New Year's gift to the world is, "We are not enthusiastic just now for the oppressed or the negro."

Such being the conspicuous result to which the leisured and refined classes have worked their way, it was the turn of the common people, the sons of labor, to speak; and at Manchester they have made a good beginning. Perhaps no speech could be more eloquent than the patience with which the Lancashire operatives have borne a calamity directly due to the American War, notwithstanding the attempts that have been made to stir them up to demand action against the Government of the United States. But as a part of the nation they would be heard. The sympathizers with the Slave Oligarchy will not find much to please them in what was said or what was applauded. For their talk was of the "sacred and inalienable rights of every human being," and of the "common brotherhood of mankind"—words big with the hopes of the many, but an offence and foolishness to the privileged few. The cause which our governing classes delight to honor in their literature, in their public appearances, and in society, the attempt to organize on the American continent a nation having slavery as its basis, is one for which they express their strong detestation. They do not share the unbounded admiration of their superiors for the virtues peculiar to conquerors. And although they had been strongly counselled not to meet and encourage the North in attempting to "subjugate" the South, they were not to be made the dupes of words. They saw the absurdity of pretending that a war to restore a Union of self-governing and equal States was a war of subjugation. The subjugation which came home most vividly to their minds and aroused their indignation was something real. Why should the Lancashire laborers sympathize with the laborers in the Southern States? Why should they not, like the economists, argue that the slavery of Alabama is a part of the complex labor system by which they live, and wish it to go on? Why not assume the languid indifference of the upper classes as to the result of the great struggle? Simply because they are men whose hearts guard their understandings. Perhaps it is

also because, possessing little more than our common humanity, they prize that above artificial distinctions of class or color. At all events, whatever others think is to be said for the slave-owner, in their eyes his offence is the greatest that man can commit against man, the sum and parent of all villainies. It does not matter under what fine names, of old associated with freedom, republic or democracy, the slaveholding caste organizes itself, its character is fixed by the fact that it holds millions of men in bondage, denying to them education, the rights of family, and the rewards of labor. Let it be known at Richmond that whatever favor the Southern oligarchy have found in England, our working classes understand their cause. The "chivalry" have inflicted on honorable industry, by the position assigned to the laborers in their system, a stigma and an insult that will never be forgiven.

The Manchester workmen were not content to dwell in abstractions, but declared in a resolution their "profound sympathy with the efforts of the Government of the United States to maintain the Union in its integrity," and also adopted an address to President Lincoln. We printed this address yesterday for the information of our readers, and we print it again to-day for the honor of Old England and the instruction of all whom it may concern. Let the Scribes who have labored to pervert the moral sentiment of the nation read it. Let the Pharisees who made *soirées* for Mrs. Stowe, when the reputation of a philanthropist involved no responsibility, and whose voice is not now heard except in favor of the slaveholder, read it. Let the epicurean who deems it folly to distress himself about the wrongs of others, read it. And let all who have labored to glorify the slave power, the most monstrous outgrowth of the modern world, read it, and see how vain have been their efforts to corrupt the minds of the working classes, and how wide a gulf is fixed between them and the great body of the people.

#### THE MANCHESTER WORKMEN'S ADDRESS.

Below is the address to the President of the United States adopted at a meeting of the working men of Manchester, on 31 Dec.

To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:—

As citizens of Manchester, assembled at the Free Trade Hall, we beg to express our

fraternal sentiments towards you and your country. We rejoice in your greatness as an outgrowth of England, whose blood and language you share, whose orderly and legal freedom you have applied to new circumstances over a region immeasurably greater than our own. We honor your Free States, as a singularly happy abode for the working millions, where industry is honored. One thing alone has, in the past, lessened our sympathy with your country and our confidence in it—we mean the ascendancy of politicians who not merely maintained negro slavery but desired to extend and root it more firmly. Since we have discerned, however, that the victory of the Free North in the war which has so sorely distressed us as well as afflicted you, will strike off the fetters of the slave, you have attracted our warm and earnest sympathy. We joyfully honor you, as the President, and the Congress with you, for many decisive steps towards practically exemplifying your belief in the words of your great founders, "All men are created free and equal." You have procured the liberation of the slaves in the district around Washington, and thereby made the centre of your Federation visibly free. You have enforced the laws against the slave trades and kept up your fleet against it, even while every ship was wanted for service in your terrible war. You have nobly decided to receive ambassadors from the negro republic, of Hayti and Liberia, thus forever renouncing that unworthy prejudice which refuses the rights of humanity to men and women on account of their color. In order more effectually to stop the slave trade, you have made with our queen a treaty, which your Senate has ratified, for the right of mutual search. Your Congress has decreed freedom as the law forever in the vast unoccupied or half-settled territories which are directly subject to its legislative power. It has offered pecuniary aid to all States which will enact emancipation locally, and has forbidden your generals to restore fugitive slaves who seek their protection. You have entreated the slave-masters to accept these moderate offers; and after long and patient waiting, you, as commander-in-chief of the army, have appointed to-morrow, the 1st of January, 1863, as the day of unconditional freedom for the slaves of the rebel States. Heartily do we congratulate you and your country on this humane and righteous course. We assume that you cannot now stop short of a complete uprooting of slavery. It would not become us to dictate any details, but there are broad principles of humanity which must guide you. If complete emancipation in some States be deferred, though only to a predetermined day, still, in the interval, human

beings should not be counted chattels. Women must have rights of chastity and of maternity, men the rights of husbands, masters the liberty of manumission. Justice demands for the black, no less than for the white, the protection of law, that his voice be heard in your courts. Nor must any such abomination be tolerated as slave-breeding States and a slave market, if you are to earn the high reward of all your sacrifices in the approval of the universal brotherhood and of the divine Father. It is for your free country to decide whether anything but immediate and total emancipation can secure the most indispensable rights of humanity against the inveterate wickedness of local laws and local executives. We implore you, for your own honor and welfare, not to faint in your providential mission. While your enthusiasm is aflame and the tide of events runs high let the work be finished effectually. Leave no root of bitterness to spring up and work fresh misery to your children. It is a mighty task, indeed, to re-organize the industry not only of four millions of the colored race but of five millions of whites. Nevertheless, the vast progress you have made in the short space of twenty months fills us with hope that every stain on your freedom will shortly be removed, and that the erasure of that foul blot upon civilization and Christianity—chattel slavery—during your Presidency will cause the name of Abraham Lincoln to be honored and revered by posterity. We are certain that such a glorious consummation will cement Great Britain to the United States in close and enduring regards. Our interests, moreover, are identified with yours. We are truly one people, though locally separate. And if you have any ill-wishers here, be assured they are chiefly those who oppose liberty at home, and that they will be powerless to stir up quarrels between us from the very day in which your country becomes, undeniably and without exception, the home of the free. Accept our high admiration of your firmness in upholding the proclamation of freedom.

#### THE BIRMINGHAM ADDRESS.

The following is the address of sympathy sent from Birmingham, England, to President Lincoln:—

"We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the borough of Birmingham, desire to express our deep and heartfelt sympathy with you in your endeavors to preserve the union of that great and free country over whose destinies you were elected to preside, and whose Constitution you have sworn to defend. The attempts of the Southern States to form—as their leaders unblushingly avow—for the

first time in the history of the world—a confederacy with slavery and the extension of slavery in yet unformed States for its basis, we regard with horror and abhorrence. And we earnestly pray that the Great Ruler of events may strengthen you and your cause, in order that the present unholly contest may be speedily brought to a successful issue; and, as the crown of all, that liberation and freedom, with all their accompanying blessings, may be given to the millions of our colored brethren now in bondage. That you may be the chosen instrument in effecting this glorious emancipation is our earnest hope. And if, in your aspirations for the freedom of the negro, the sympathy and good wishes of all men who love liberty can cheer your heart in moments of doubt and perplexity, you may assuredly feel convinced that such sympathy and good wishes are not withheld. For ourselves, we beg to assure you of our strong belief in the justice of your cause, of our warm sympathy with your noble efforts for emancipation, and of our certain faith in your ultimate triumph. We hold that your cause is the cause of humanity, of religion, and freedom; and in this belief again express our sympathy with you in your present onerous and trying position, and assure you that, whatever may be said to the contrary, the vast majority of English people are anxious for your success in this great and terrible contest."

#### GREAT DEMONSTRATION IN LONDON.

On the evening of Dec. 31, a grand demonstration in support of the Emancipation policy of the American Government was held in the British Institution, Cowper Street, City Road. The following address to the President of the United States was proposed by the Rev. J. H. Rylance and unanimously adopted:—

*To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States:—*

"SIR,—We who offer to you this address are Englishmen and working men. We prize as our dearest inheritance, bought for us by the blood of our fathers, the liberty we enjoy—the liberty of free labor upon a free soil. We have, therefore, been accustomed to regard with veneration and gratitude the founders of the great republic in which the liberties of the Anglo-Saxon race have been widened beyond all the precedents of the Old World, and in which there was nothing to condemn or to lament but the slavery and degradation of men guilty only of a colored skin or an African parentage. We have looked with admiration and sympathy upon the brave, generous, and untiring efforts of

a large party in the Northern States to deliver the Union from this curse and shame. We rejoiced, sir, in your election to the Presidency, as a splendid proof that the principles of universal freedom and equality were rising to the ascendant. We regarded with abhorrence the conspiracy and rebellion by which it was sought at once to overthrow the supremacy of a government based upon the most popular suffrage in the world, and to perpetuate the hateful inequalities of race. We have ever heard with indignation the slander that ascribes to England sympathy with a rebellion of slaveholders, and all proposals to recognize in friendship a Confederacy that boasts of slavery as its corner-stone. We have watched with the warmest interest the steady advance of your policy along the path of emancipation; and on this eve of the day on which your proclamation of freedom takes effect, we pray God to strengthen your hands, to confirm your noble purpose, and to hasten the restoration of that lawful authority which engages, in peace or war, by compensation or by force of arms, to realize the glorious principle on which your Constitution is founded—the brotherhood, freedom, and equality of all men.”

GREAT MEETING AT SHEFFIELD.

A great meeting was held in the Temperance Hall, Sheffield, Dec. 31. The following resolutions were passed:—

*Resolved*, That civil war in any country is an unmitigated evil, more especially in America, whose career of prosperity and liberty has been unprecedented; and as the institution of slavery has been the most prominent and influential cause of the war, this meeting is of opinion that the present is a favorable crisis for slavery to be terminated, and thus not only end the war, but give a promising and hopeful prospect to the future, of peace and prosperity both to America and England.

*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this meeting it is the duty of England, as the recognized enemy of slavery, to give her sympathy and moral influence to the Northern States, to disapprove of the origin and continuance of the slave-owners' rebellion, and by all peaceable means to try to cement a closer and stronger union between this country and the people and government of America.

MEETING AT ISLINGTON.

On the evening of Dec. 29, a crowded public meeting was held in Myddelton Hall, Islington, and the following resolutions adopted:—

*Resolved*, That the anti-slavery action of the Federal Government during the year now closing, merits the hearty approval of the British public and that this meeting declares its cordial sympathy with the President and people of the United States, who with courage, unabated by difficulty and disaster, continue to struggle for the abolition of slavery either by military authority or by the adoption of a scheme like that proposed in successive messages to Congress.

*Resolved*, That this meeting strongly recommends to public support the Emancipation Society, having for its object to develop English anti-slavery sentiment, and thereby promote that hearty reconciliation of England and America in the cause of philanthropy and freedom to which this country has been invited by the noble and munificent efforts of the Northern States to assist in relieving the distress inflicted upon English operatives by the slaveholders' rebellion.

From The London Morning Star, Jan. 2.  
ENGLISH SYMPATHY TESTED BY POPULAR MEETINGS.

MORE than two months ago Lord Russell expressed to Mr. Adams his belief that English sympathy, as tested by popular meetings, would still be found to be upon the side of the United States. The belief did credit to his lordship's sagacity and knowledge of his countrymen. He might have made the statement in much stronger terms, and yet have fallen short of the truth. He might have said that in all public assemblages an overwhelming preponderance of sentiment would be manifested for the North. The experiment has been made, and with a degree of success that must have surprised some of its promoters. Wherever a vote has been taken upon the question, the sympathizers with the South have numbered about one in a hundred. In most instances, and in assemblies of the largest dimensions, the cause of the North has been sustained with absolute unanimity and enthusiasm. There were three such meetings on Wednesday night—the eve of the day on which the proclamation of freedom was to take effect. The great Free Trade Hall at Manchester, the Temperance Hall at Sheffield, and one of the largest places of public meeting in London, were crowded with working men, who adopted by acclamation addresses to President Lincoln in support of his anti-



slavery policy. Nearly every day for the last month or two we have had to record some similar demonstration of opinion. These meetings have been held in various parts of the country,—in the suffering cotton districts as well as in the prosperous towns of the midland of the southern counties,—and there has been not a single exception to the prevailing sentiment. Nowhere have the advocates of the Confederacy obtained as many supporters as there are Slave States. They have been left in the most ignominious minorities whenever they have ventured upon presenting even an amendment that affected to censure the North for lack of anti-slavery earnestness. Of course it will be said that these meetings do not fairly represent the divided state of public opinion—that they are attended mainly by people who concur with the objects announced—and that the bulk of those who dissent choose to stay away. But they at least show that there is a powerful and active sympathy in the public mind with a cause that has been alleged to have no friends in England—and the adherents of the other cause are bound to attempt counter-demonstrations if they deny the conclusiveness of these.

It is chiefly to the Emancipation Society we owe these meetings. In little more than a month it has organized a committee of remarkable comprehensiveness and significance. The list contains more than two hundred names, headed by that of the greatest of living English philosophers—John Stuart Mill—and followed by those of a greater number of individuals distinguished for intellect and intellectual influence than any similar catalogue published within our time. The universities, the senate, the bar, the press, the pulpit, are represented by men whom no respectable opponent would disparage. They are by no means men of one party, nor of one religious denomination. They are not identical in opinion about the origin or the probable issue of the American contest—about the right of the South to secede, or the power of the North to re-establish the Union. On these points the Emancipation Society is silent, and its members are bound to no agreement. Their Union is based upon the resolution of a preliminary conference, declaring “the importance of adopting means to counteract the

alleged sympathy of this country with the so-called Southern Confederacy of America, and especially to encourage the United States Government in the prosecution of an emancipation policy.” The former of these objects is at any rate quite within the province of Englishmen. It may be proposed without offence to the most sensitive about interference in the affairs of other nations. Neither can it be regarded as at all a superfluous proposal. The assertion of English sympathy with the South had long been so common, and had been so seldom contradicted, that its formal denial became the positive duty of all who disbelieved it. In a little longer time it would have passed into history as among the admitted facts of our generation. Lord Russell’s judgment of his countrymen would have gone for nothing against the perpetual repetition of an opposite assertion. The Emancipation Society has certainly arrested a process so dishonorable to the English character. It has already collected evidence enough that among all classes of our countrymen there is an indignant repudiation of sympathy with a government founded upon the doctrine that slavery is a divine institution. This in itself would be a considerable service to truth and humanity. But England owes a more positive duty both to herself and to America—the duty of offering encouragement to those who are pursuing, amid arduous difficulties, the path which she herself has trodden, with easier steps, to a happy, glorious goal. It should never be forgotten that the United States owe to this country both slavery and the anti-slavery agitation. West India emancipation almost created the Abolitionist party in America. In its earlier days it both suffered from and was aided by English sympathy. Now that it is shaping the policy of the republic, and even wielding the powers of war, it is as much as ever in need of, and as much as ever entitled to, all the moral support that a great people can give. In that belief, the Emancipation Society labors to develop English anti-slavery sentiment, and to convey the expression of it across the Atlantic. Who can disapprove of such an object?—who that is not indifferent to the wrongs of the negro, to the troubles of a kindred people, to the honor of the whole Anglo-Saxon race, can refuse to help? It is a work of the broadest hu-



manity, of the most practical religion, of the most conservative as well as the most liberal policy. The most conscientious friends of peace may unite in it—for it will sustain no less effectually emancipation by voluntary legislation than emancipation by the chances of war. The ministers of religion may help it from their pulpits, or by meetings in their churches, without the least intrusion upon sacred associations—for it aims at cleansing Christian civilization from its foulest blot. The women of our island may help it by doing again, let us say, what they did ten years ago—subscribing half a million of their names to an address of sympathy with American Emancipationists. In whatever method Englishmen give constitutional expression to their opinions or wishes, they may justly utter now the generous desire that peace and freedom may not be divided, but rule together over the whole fair surface of the Western world.

#### THE PROCLAMATION—A COMPARISON.

REV. N. A. STAPLES, successor to Mr. Longfellow, at the Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, has just delivered a discourse on the Emancipation Proclamation, in the course of which he instituted a curious comparison between the reception of the Declaration of Independence in 1776 and of the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863. He said:—

*N. Y. Evening Post.*

\* \* \* "Our first Declaration of Independence effected little at first. It did not make the colonies independent, simply to declare them so. It was sneered at by Tories in this country and in England. It was called '*brutum fulmen*.' 'They will do nothing but bring ridicule upon themselves by showing their weakness,' said Lord Rockford. 'My Lords!' said Lord Gower, with contemptuous sneers, 'let the Americans talk about their natural and divine rights, their rights as men and citizens, their rights from God and nature; I am for enforcing these measures.'

"And what, indeed, were the chances that this Declaration of Independence would come to anything? England was mistress of the seas, and monarch of the land. The colonies had neither arms, nor ammunition, nor navy, nor money, nor forts, nor disciplined troops, nor any federate power of taxation. And, besides, there was no unity

among the colonists themselves concerning the necessity or propriety of such a declaration. Nearly all were still tenderly attached to the mother country; most of them had been born and educated there, and there slept the remains of generations of ancestors. Only a few clear-eyed, thinking men like Adams, Patrick Henry, and Jefferson had accustomed themselves to think of such a bold measure. The masses of the people had never cherished the thought of independence. There was the greatest diversity of opinions and wishes among the various sects. The Quakers believed all fighting wrong. Calvinists breathed the flame of battle as their native air. New York merchants, whose treasures were afloat, and who supplied the English army and navy of Boston, feared the war involved bankruptcy. When the Congress met which gave birth to the Declaration, says Bancroft, 'It was as hard to say of its members, as of its constituents, whether they were most swayed by regard for the country from which a majority of them sprang, or by the sense of oppression.' But a few bold men—first of all, the Adamses, and later, Franklin and the rest—insisted that there was no hope for the colonies unless a Declaration of Independence was at once declared; that they could then point to something definite and tangible to labor for; that the different colonies were now bearing their separate burdens, many of them still cherishing the vain hope of reconciliation; nothing could cheer and unite and inspire them with hope and courage but this well-defined prospect of possessing a nation whose cornerstone was liberty and equal rights.

"The fanatics carried their point, and the conservatives stood aghast; the Declaration was written and adopted, and soon became the rallying cry for all the colonies. The frail bark of colonial liberty which had hitherto been tossed hither and thither by hesitating counsels, now steadied and came round to this single star of her destiny, from which she never turned aside in seven years of tears and blood and self-immolation. From that moment there was something to live for, and something to wait for. Parents who now gave their sons to the sacrifice, took heart and hope as they thought of the Promised Land. Wives and mothers sat by their deserted hearthstones through seven cold winters, thinking of absent ones, and warmed their souls with the bright hope that the next generation of mothers would sit by their firesides with their loved ones around them, and none to molest nor make afraid. All the horrors of war only deepened their consecration to the realization of this fair promise. Had there been no vision, the

people must inevitably have perished; but when once the shining form of Liberty had passed before their eyes, they could no longer live for base and ignoble ends.

"And now, friends, I have described to you, with a slight change in time and scenery, the history and hopes of the second great declaration of independence, made on the 1st day of January, 1863, by Abraham Lincoln. Now, as then, the declaration is laughed at by many as mere 'harmless thunder.' Now, as then, the country is divided in opinion; a large and corrupt party still hanker for the flesh-pots of Egypt (the Union as it was), while others seek a better country, even an heavenly (the Union as it ought to be). Now, as then, trade is annoyed by the disturbance of securities, and more anxious for a swift than an honorable and lasting peace. But now, as then, the masses of the people are determined to conquer a permanent peace. Now, as then, the Radicals have carried the day, and Conservatives hold up their hands in holy horror. But now, as then, we shall see the whole struggle simplified, and all its sorrows sanctified by the transcendent brightness of the vision which is to be realized through the struggle and the sorrow. And now, as then, we shall see our great ship of state, so long floundering in the cross seas of divided counsels and uncertain aims, wear steadily round and lay her course to the pole star of Liberty."

#### LETTING THE CAT OUT.

THE *Mobile Register* for December 6th, somewhat imprudently lets the world into some secrets of British journalism, which show where it is that the *Saturday Review*, the *London Herald*, *Times*, *Standard*, and other pro-slavery journals, get their inspiration. It prints a "private letter" from London, from which we learn that the writers of the *Index*, the rebel organ in England, are also employed on the journals we have named above.

This letter makes some revelations which will be annoying in London.

"The editorial sanctum of the *Index* has become the focus and rendezvous of Southerners in London. It is a seminary of Southern intelligence, and a school of Southern writers, not for its own columns, but for the

other London papers. The cause of the South now engages some of the ablest pens in London. A few months ago these men knew nothing about us, and cared less. Among the contributors and leader-writers for the *Index* are J. B. Hopkins and Percy Gregg, Esqs. Both of them are Englishmen. The former has read a capital statistical paper before the Social Science Congress, on 'The Productiveness of the South,' which has attracted much attention, and made Lord Brougham very angry. The same gentleman has lately written an introduction to the 'South Vindicated,' by General Williams, a book just published in London, in magnificent style, and well received. This work, as some of our readers will remember, was first published under the title of 'Letters during the Presidential Canvass of 1860, in Nashville,' by James Williams, late minister to Constantinople, and was the first book copyrighted under the Confederate States.

"Mr. Percy Gregg is one of the principal leader-writers of the *Saturday Review*, the leading London weekly, and writes admirable Southern articles. He is an editorial contributor to the *Morning Herald* and *Standard*, both of which papers are in effect daily Southern organs.

"The financial writer for the *Index* is Mr. George McHenry, an ardent Southerner, though born in Philadelphia. This gentleman also does yeoman's service to the Southern cause in the *Times*."

Nor can this Southerner in England conceal his contempt for the Englishmen who are so basely serving the rebel cause. He says:—

"The *Times*, friendly to us because it is fashionable to be so, has become a contemptible sheet, and is rapidly failing."

It is thus evident that the ingenious rebels have subsidized—at a cheap rate, probably—writers on the English press; and thus they "make" public opinion for themselves among the aristocrats. But in the mean time the people of England, suffer as they may, recognize the real merits of our cause, and the operatives of Manchester in their recent meetings show how clear is their apprehension of our difficulties, how strong their love for universal liberty.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

## CASE OF THE ALABAMA.

From The (Philadelphia) Press, 20 Jan.

It has been the general practice of the British press to ignore the facts and misstate the law in the case of the *Alabama*. Among the London journals, only the *Morning Star* and the *Daily News* have been at all honest in this matter. The *Times* wilfully misapprehends and misrepresents the case which may be put into a nutshell. For example, thus: Mr. Laird, an English member of Parliament, has a large ship-building yard at Birkenhead, close to Liverpool, at which he built a Confederate war-steamer, then numbered "290," since known as the *Alabama*. The American ambassador, Mr. Adams, having received information of the character and intended career of this vessel—namely, that it was to be piratically employed against merchantmen sailing under the United States flag—represented to Lord Russell that she was built in contravention of the Foreign Enlistment Act. He brought this subject before Lord Russell as early as June 23, 1862, declaring that "this vessel has been built and launched from the dock-yard of persons, one of whom is now sitting as a member of the House of Commons, and is fitting out for the especial and manifest object of carrying on hostilities by sea." On July 16th, a case having been laid before Mr. R. P. Collier, a leading lawyer on the Western Circuit, a queen's counsel, judge advocate of the fleet, and counsel to the British Admiralty, and also member of Parliament for Portsmouth, his opinion was as follows:—

"I think the evidence almost conclusive that the vessel in question is being fitted out by the Messrs. Laird as a privateer for the use of the Confederate Government, in contravention of the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act, 59 Geo. III., cap. 69. As the matter is represented to me to be urgent, I advise that the principal officer of the customs at Liverpool be immediately applied to, under 59 Geo. III., cap. 69-7, to exercise the powers conferred upon him by that section to seize the vessel, with a view to her condemnation, an indemnity being given to him if he requires it. It would be proper at the same time to lay a statement of the fact before the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, coupled with a request that Her Majesty's Government would direct the vessel to be seized, or ratify her seizure if it has been made. If the matter were not urgent I should

advise no other steps being taken until it was known whether or not the Government thought fit to interfere; but inasmuch as the Government might not unreasonably take some little time to determine what course to pursue, during which time the vessel might escape, I advise the more prompt remedy."

A week later, Mr. Collier gave a further opinion, that the collector of customs at Liverpool would be justified in detaining the vessel, adding "Indeed, I should think it his duty to detain her, and that if, after the application which has been made to him, supported by the evidence which has been laid before me, he allows the vessel to leave Liverpool, he will incur a heavy responsibility—a responsibility of which the Board of Customs, under whose direction he appears to be acting, must take their share. It appears difficult to make out a stronger case of infringement of the Foreign Enlistment Act, which, if not enforced on this occasion, is little better than a dead letter. It well deserves consideration whether, if the vessel be allowed to escape, the Federal Government would not have serious grounds of remonstrance." But, about this time, the British Government sent instructions to the collector at Liverpool *not* to exercise the powers of the Foreign Enlistment Act (59 Geo. III., cap. 69), because the affidavits, on which Mr. Collier had founded his opinion, did not seem to be sufficient, in Lord Russell's mind, to warrant the seizure and condemnation of the vessel. At that time, July 22, "Number 290" lay in Birkenhead docks, ready for sea, in all respects, with a crew of fifty men on board. On the 29th July, "Number 290" did sail from Liverpool, without register or clearance, and *then*—but not until then—Lord Russell despatched an order for her detention. In Mr. Adams's despatch of August 1st, to Mr. Seward, he says: "Lord Russell first took up the case of '290,' the *Alabama*, and remarked that a delay in determining upon it had most unexpectedly been caused by the sudden development of a malady of the Queen's Advocate, Sir John D. Harding, totally incapacitating him for the transaction of business. This had made it necessary to call in other parties, *whose opinion had been at last given for the detention of the gunboat*, but before the order got down to Liverpool the vessel was gone."

Though the queen's advocate was ill, there were Sir William Atherton, the Attorney General, and Sir Roundell Palmer, the Solicitor-General, to refer to for law, and Lord Russell, at any rate, was in possession of the legal opinion of Mr. Collier, Counsel to the British Admiralty. Between Mr. Adams's first complaint to Lord Russell, and the too late order from the latter to seize "Number 290," there was a *lapse of five weeks*—a sufficient time to allow "No. 290" to escape, to be supplied, while in the Irish Sea, with the muniments of war, and to start, as the *Alabama*, to commit piratical depredations upon United States merchant vessels. In a word, at the very least, Lord Russell, whose lapse of duty is the lapse of the British Government, was as culpably tardy and careless, as he was offensively hasty and over-vigilant, some time before, in the case of the Nashville, at Southampton. When Parliament meets, this question will be discussed, no doubt, and in the presence of Mr. Laird, who violated the law in building a Confederate war vessel, and of Mr. Collier, whose opinion, as a lawyer, declared that the vessel ought to be detained by the collector at Liverpool. We should like to hear Palmerston's defence of Russell's neglect of duty; it cannot be very hearty, for these two publicists are rivals, though colleagues, and hate each other with very polite earnestness.

One point must not be lost sight of. Though the order to detain the *Alabama* reached Liverpool after she had ran out to sea, its being sent is an admission by the British Government that she was built and equipped in violation of the law. The *Daily News*, of the 24th December, discussing this topic, declares that it remains for the British Government "to repair, as far as possible, the injury, and to prevent its recurrence. In cases such as this what is to be done? The Confederate Government has violated the sovereignty of this country by getting a man-of-war built in a British port. This is an offence against our national dignity. What is the remedy? Does it not entitle us to demand an apology and compensation? And what compensation can be more fit than the *disarmament of the vessel, and the payment of such damages as may be required to satisfy the claims for the Federal and neutral property which has been destroyed?* If these demands are justified by the law of nations, it is our obvious duty to make them without delay." This is a conclusion at which Lord Russell may not readily arrive, but it is a sound, rational, and inevitable conclusion from the premises.

From The (London) News, 6 Jan.

Is the government of this country so weak that it will allow any foreign power to insult our sovereignty by using our ports as places in which to fit out cruisers against a nation with which we are at peace? Are the ministers or are the people of this country prepared to follow this rule of conduct to its legitimate conclusion? Suppose that some Mexican, Mr. Butcher, should manage to get a man-of-war built at Southampton, and should contrive to get her armed by sending a barque laden with guns to some of the Azores, thence to be transhipped to the Mexican *Alabama*; suppose that some Mexican Semmes should then hoist the Mexican flag, and bear down upon the first French transport conveying reinforcements to Gen. Forey at Vera Cruz, take the soldiers prisoners, sink, burn, or destroy the transport—what would the Emperor of the French say to such a proceeding? Would he be satisfied with the reply that the French must remember that they are at war, and that the prize courts of Mexico are open to them? Would he not have reason to insist that England is bound to see that her ports are not used by either of the belligerents for offensive purposes?

The Emperor Napoleon would no doubt say to the British Government, Make your choice. Will you have neutrality or war? If you desire to remain neutral, you must maintain neutrality. Like every other nation you have enacted laws to prevent any one, whether a citizen or a foreigner, from using your ports to equip ships of war to cruise against either of two belligerents. It is your duty as a neutral, to execute that law. Execute that law, and I am willing to remain your friend. But if you are either too weak or not willing to execute it, I must consider you my enemy and declare war against you. It may be, he might add, that there is a difficulty in obtaining evidence to convict those who violate such laws as forbid the fitting out of ships. But that is immaterial. The duty of the British Government is obvious. Their duty is to remonstrate with the Mexican Government which has connived at their citizens' violating the municipal laws of England which have been passed in order to maintain neutrality; and to insist that any vessel which has been so illegally fitted out shall be disarmed. Remembering the power of the French Emperor and the pride of the French nation, there can be no doubt as to the course which would be pursued if any Mexican *Alabama* were to be built in any British port in order to prey upon French commerce or to capture French transports.